

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## A BIHARI MILL-SONG.

The subjoined translation is from a *jatsar*, or "mill-song," chaunted by the Hindoo women of Shâhâbâd while grinding their morning grain. The Indian text, and a prose version of the original Bhojpuri, were given in an admirable paper communicated to the April number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, by Mr. George A. Grierson, B.C.S., magistrate of Patna. The *jatsars* are always of a pathetic character, with a monotonous, unmeaning refrain, like this *Hu-ri-jee*. The Mirza, in the present song, is one of the conquering Muhammedan race, and Horil Singh a Rajpût dependent; and it relates how the sister of the latter put an end to her life rather than marry with a detested Muslim.

## A SONG OF THE MILL.

Of eight great beams the boat was wrought,  
With four red row-pins; — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
When Mirza Saheb spied at the Ghaut  
Bhagbati bathing; — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"Oh, girls! that hither your chatties bring,  
Who is this bathing?" — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"The head of our village is Horil Singh;  
'Tis the Raja's sister!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"Run thou, Barber! and, Peon! run thou;  
Bring hither that Rajpût!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"Oh, girls! who carry the chatties, now,  
Which is his dwelling?" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"The dwelling of Horil Singh looks north,  
And north of the door is a sandal-tree:"  
With arms fast-bound they brought him forth;  
"Salaam to the Mirza!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"Take, Horil Singh, this basket of gold,  
And give me thy sister, sweet Bhagbati."  
"Fire burn thy basket!" he answered bold,  
"My sister's a Rajpût!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Horil's wife came down from her house;  
She weeps in the courtyard: "Cursèd be,  
O sister-in-law, thy beautiful brows!  
My husband is chained for them!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"Now, sister-in-law! of thy house keep charge,  
And the duties therein:" quoth Bhagbati;  
"For Horil Singh shall be set at large,  
I go to release him!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

When Bhagbati came to the Mirza's hall  
Low she salaamed to him: — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"The fetters of Horil Singh let fall,  
If, Mirza," she said, "thou desirest me."

"If, Mirza," she said, "thou wouldst have my  
love,  
Dye me a bride-cloth;" — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"Saffron beneath and vermillion above,  
Fit for a Rajpût!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"If, Mirza," she said, "I am fair in thine eyes,  
And mine is thy heart, now," — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"Command me jewels of rich device,  
Fit for a Rajpût!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"If, Mirza," she said, "I must do this thing,  
Quitting my people," — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
"The palanquin and the bearers bring,  
That I go not afoot from them!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Smiling, he bade the dyers haste  
To dye her a bride-cloth: — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Weeping, weeping, around her waist  
Bhagbati bound it. — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Smiling, he bought, from the goldsmith's best,  
Jewels unparalleled: — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Weeping, weeping, on neck and breast  
Bhagbati clasped them. — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Joyously smiling, "Bring forth," he cried,  
"My gilded palanquin!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Bitterly sorrowing, entered the bride,  
Beautiful Bhagbati. — *Hu-ri-jee*!

A koss and a half of a koss went they,  
And another koss after; — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Then Bhagbati thirsted: "Bearers, stay!  
I would drink at the tank here!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

"Take from my cup," the Mirza said:  
"Oh, not to-day will I take!" quoth she:  
"For this was my father's tank, who is dead,  
And it soon will be distant!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

She quaffed one draught from her hollowed  
palm,  
And again she dipped it; — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Then leaped in the water, dark and calm,  
And sank from the sight of them. — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Sorely the Mirza bewailed, and hid  
His face in his cloth, for rage to be  
So mocked: "See, now, in all she did  
Bhagbati fooled me!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Grieving, the Mirza cast a net  
Dragging the water; — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Only shells and weeds did he get,  
Shells and bladder-weeds. — *Hu-ri-jee*!

Laughing, a net cast Horil Singh,  
Dragging the water; — *Hu-ri-jee*!  
Lo! at the first sweep, up they bring  
Dead, cold Bhagbati, fair to see!

Laughing, homeward the Rajpût wends,  
Chewing his betel; "For now," quoth he,  
"In honor this leap of Bhagbati ends  
Three generations!" — *Hu-ri-jee*!

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

Contemporary Review.

From The National Review.  
THE YOUNGER PITT AS AN ORATOR.

WILLIAM PITT the younger has not been fortunate in his reputation. To the great majority of cultivated persons it would, we believe, sound absurd in the present day to claim for him a place nearly on a level with that which his father holds. Of Chatham, if no other monument remained, the half-dozen passages which Carlyle has dedicated to him in his "Friedrich" would alone be a lasting memorial. Yet in the very form of these panegyrics upon the father, the "one king England has had, this king of four years since the Constitutional system set in," there is implied a slight upon the memory of the son. To a larger audience, Macaulay is the oracle of their political judgments. No one who takes his ideas from Macaulay is in danger of falling into an excessive hero-worship: a fact to which some part of the writer's popularity is attributable. But in his short notice of William Pitt, the essayist has adopted a tone more patronizing than his wont. His essay on Chatham by no means gives that great statesman his due; but it is far more worthy of the subject than is the short biographical notice which in after years he wrote of the younger Pitt.

Many circumstances have contributed to Pitt's decline in reputation after death. But undoubtedly the most direct cause of it was his treatment at the hands of his own immediate followers. Immediately after his death, Pitt underwent a fantastic sort of apotheosis whereby he was solemnly set apart to be the Mumbo-Jumbo of the Tory party, and of the most bigoted section of it. And the Tory party, as its best friends must own, did in the early years of this century contain some strange examples of bigotry and ignorance. We know that fifty or sixty years ago it was almost impossible for a man who laid claim to a fair share of "culture," or who professed to be on terms of familiarity with the *Zeitgeist*, to frankly own himself a Tory; and as the younger Pitt was identified with Toryism in all its questionable shapes, it was equally impossible for the *Zeitgeist* to have any fair dealings with him.\*

\* How different from all this consensus of literary

Beside the general reasons just spoken of, which have tended to lower the reputation of Pitt, there have been certain special reasons (even apart from the meagreness of their reports) why his speeches should be held in less esteem now than they were in his own day. Regarded simply as literary compositions, they would not quite fall in with our modern judgment. And it is very curious to notice how, in the course of Macaulay's biography of Pitt, the private opinion of the critic seems to be at war with the predilections of the historian — of an historian, too, who is fond of painting his pictures in very vivid colors. We first hear of Pitt's almost miraculous gift of eloquence; of how men used to go away from the House of Commons after one of his great displays, wondering whether it were possible for human powers to attain a higher flight; and then, again, Macaulay suggests often enough that there was a good deal very artificial and unspontaneous in this style of oratory, in "those stately periods of which he seemed to have an almost unlimited command," and in the character of a speaker "who could have written a king's speech off-hand;" and he hints pretty plainly that the unchecked flow of Fox's oratory would have been a good deal more to his mind. It is probable that, judging from a purely literary standpoint, Macaulay is right.

In truth, Pitt's speeches are interesting to us not as productions from a literary point of view, the best in their kind, but as some of the best speeches that have ever been delivered by one who fully understood the responsibilities of statesmanship. By that last expression is meant something which in these Midlothian days we can scarcely understand. Mr. Gladstone has defined, in one of his beautiful and picturesque phrases, the business of an orator as he apprehends it. "The speaker," he says, "gives back to his hearers in a rain what he has received opinion in England is the judgment of M. Guizot: "Je puis admettre la supériorité dramatique de Lord Chatham, mais je regarde la supériorité politique et morale de M. Pitt comme incontestable. C'est à mon avis le plus grand ministre qui a jamais gouverné en Angleterre. Au milieu des tempêtes révolutionnaires il l'a tenue dans l'ordre, et il l'a laissée plus grande en la laissant libre." (Preface to his translation of Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt.")

from them in a mist." But in more homely language, what is this but to say that nowadays the orator is expected to utter the thoughts of his auditors, and not his own? It need not be repeated that Pitt understood his functions as something very different. Fox was a speaker much more after the modern pattern; he was, in this as in almost every other particular, the true forerunner of the modern Liberal orator. Fox never spoke with a sense of responsibility. He never minded contradicting in one speech the opinions which he had emphatically advanced in a former speech. He did not aspire to be dignified: a demagogue can do without dignity. And with all these moral and intellectual defects, it is probable that to an intellectual *connoisseur* Fox's speeches would have afforded choicer food than those of his rival.

Even as compared with his father, Pitt must from the first have been unduly hampered by a sense of responsibility. From his childhood, almost, he may be said to have had his eye upon office. In a sense different from that of Mr. Browning's hero, he was a man born to be king. He must have felt that, with his father's reputation to support his own abilities and training, the premiership of England—even then its real kingship—was almost as certainly within his grasp as if he were to succeed to a hereditary monarchy. He had, in consequence, most of the merits, associated with some of the faults, which characterize those who are born in the purple. He was—thanks to his father—something very different from the poor "cornet of horse" who had first made the name of Pitt famous. His social position was an assured and a distinguished one, long before his own abilities had begun to shed any increased lustre on it; and social position counted for much in those days. There had been a time when Chatham had been looked down upon by the great peers with whom he acted. But that time had been long forgotten. From being the Great Commoner he had been for many years the most distinguished peer in England. Men like the Duke of Rutland (Granby's son) were proud to claim the friendship of Pitt on account of their

father's admiration for Chatham. His brother, his brother-in-law, and his first cousin were all three either in the House of Lords or the heirs to peerages.

It is undoubtedly to these advantages of birth that Pitt in a great measure owed two characteristics which always distinguished him, and which were throughout his career his best allies—I mean his self-confidence and his freedom from vanity. I do not, of course, imply that birth necessarily confers these good traits, but I think that it is certainly rare to find one who has been the entire architect of his own fame and fortune who has not suffered from one or other of the disabilities from which Pitt was specially free. Great genius will compel a man to rise in despite of his own modest fears; but the want of self-confidence which so often distinguishes men of genius is an injury to themselves and a cause of loss to the world. On the other hand, where there has been no lack of self-trust to keep a man from rising, he is generally weighted by an inordinate vanity, which is more harmful to himself and to the world than any excess of diffidence could be. A strong strain of personal vanity was one among the defects which marred the majestic nature of Lord Chatham. That it was absent from that of his son I consider due to the position which Lord Chatham himself had bequeathed. Some of the earliest speeches of the younger Pitt do, indeed, display a touch of egotism and self-importance: but these defects were very soon laid aside. That he was, upon the whole, remarkably free from vanity appears most strongly from his private correspondence.

After some displays of oratory which were rather of the nature of fence than actual combat, the real Parliamentary battle began for Pitt upon the formation of the famous Coalition. In the ministry of Lord Shelburne, which the Coalition was formed to pulled down, Pitt held his first office as chancellor of the exchequer. Now for the first time he was subjected to a formidable criticism; and, perhaps, the first important speech which he delivered must be accounted one on the peace with America, spoken while he still held his



first office of State. Lord Stanhope accounts it one of the greatest that Pitt ever delivered. To my thinking it shows far too much self-consciousness on the part of the orator; and I have no doubt that had he been such a mark for the ridicule of the Whigs as he became in the next session, this air of self-importance would have been more noticed. But Fox and his friends did not yet realize what a formidable rival stood before them. This is the speech in which "in the name of the public safety," Pitt "forbade the banns" of the Coalition marriage — rather theatrically, as I will take leave to think. Far more to my mind is the graceful reference to Shelburne, as one whose merits "are as far above my praise, as the arts to which he owes his defamation are below my notice," or the following passage upon the peace:—

In short, Sir, whatever appears dishonorable or inadequate in the peace on your table, is strictly chargeable to the noble lord in the blue ribbon, whose profusion of the public's money, whose notorious temerity and obstinacy in prosecuting the war, which originated in his pernicious and oppressive policy, and whose utter incapacity to fill the station he occupied, rendered a peace of any description indispensable to the preservation of the State.

A sentence which shows that Pitt had from the first that rounded and balanced style, which was always so characteristic of his oratory. In itself that rounded style, to the extent to which Pitt used it, would be a defect. But it suited so well with his lofty and unbending character that it becomes in his case a grace, just as the rather pompous periods of Lord Chatham's speeches become a grace in him.

All this was in the first days of the conflict, before the Coalition had come into office and soon after been driven thence. The hardest stress of battle began when, after the fall of the Coalition ministry, Pitt appeared in the House of Commons charged with the office of first minister of the crown. The battle of the Coalition was Pitt's Lodi or his Arcola, not less momentous to his fortunes than to those of Napoleon was his Italian campaign. When the war began people had not made

up their minds. There was, on the one hand, the danger from the ambition of Fox, who, by means of his East India Bill, had sought to secure for himself a position of power and patronage superior to the vicissitudes of party, to reign—as was always the Whig ideal—independent of the crown. But, on the other hand, there was the danger to the country from the undue power of the crown if the king were to be allowed to dismiss a ministry through back-stairs influence, and to retain one in defiance of a hostile majority in the House of Commons. In their doubt about their conduct people instinctively turned to the one who showed by his own self-command that he had the capacity of leading men. "I am a king when I rule myself," says the old Stoic proverb. And it is in this way, too, that men vindicate their right of kingship over others. With one false move, one moment of weakness, one sign of fear, and Pitt would have lost his cause, for that time at least. Possibly Fox might have been found in office when the Revolutionary war broke out; and we can guess what kind of *governance* England would have had then.

In this hard-fought struggle Pitt really does comport himself, and finally issues thence clothed—at least in the eyes of those who sympathize with his cause—in something of the victorious valor of a youthful St. George; such an one as Donatello has fashioned for us. And in this light he was regarded by his contemporaries, who, in a majority of ten to one, came to be entirely upon his side and against the Coalition. When first a new writ was moved for Pitt's seat of Appleby, on the ground that the sitting member had accepted the offices of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, loud and indecorous laughter broke from the opposition benches, where sat the lately dismissed ministers of the Coalition. When these found that the fall of their opponents and their own return to power were not so immediate as they had expected, their merriment turned to the most bitter resentment.

Pitt was allowed scarce a moment's breathing-time before attacks were opened

upon him from all sides. Fox spoke in high contempt of the "weakness of young men who accepted office under the present circumstances, and whose youth was the only excuse for their rashness;" and Erskine, whom Pitt had put down a few nights before, took his revenge by reading him a long lecture on the same head. "The public was now reaping the fruits of the intemperate praises which had been lavished upon" the prime minister "in the previous session. If he had attended to the precept of Solomon, 'It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth,' he would not at so early a period have declared against a subordinate situation. But he had declared against being a subordinate, and set himself up to be the first, which, for a time at least (the House would take care that it should not be for long), disturbed and distracted all the operations of government. . . . How different had been the career of his right honorable friend (Fox), who had borne the yoke in his youth, and had now risen by natural process to a superiority in political wisdom and comprehension which the House with delight acknowledged!"

At another time Fox, with more of sarcasm and less of spleen (but always on the one topic, Pitt's youth), said, referring to an observation of Pitt's that there was no member of *this* government which had promoted the American war, that he supposed he meant in the House of Commons; and, as for that, the prime minister was the only member of the Cabinet in the House of Commons, and certainly *he* might be acquitted of any share towards or against the promotion of the American war.

Pitt replied to irony by irony. "So far as he could notice," he told the House, "the principal thing complained of was his youth, a fault which he would attempt neither to palliate nor deny."

He had already shown Erskine that he was not to be overawed, even by Fox's great reputation, when he spoke of him in these terms:—

Revering as I do the abilities of the right honorable gentleman, I lament, in common with the House, when those abilities are misemployed, as in the present question, to inflame the imagination and mislead the judgment. I am told, Sir, he does not envy me the triumph of my situation this day; a sort of language which becomes the candor of the honorable gentleman as ill as his present principles.

In answer to the insinuation that he had come into power through secret in-

fluence, he told the House that "he came up no back stairs." He knew of no secret influence, and his own integrity would be his guardian against that danger. But the House might rest assured that when he discovered any he would not stay a moment longer in office. "I will neither have the meanness to act upon the advice of others, nor the hypocrisy to pretend, when the measures of an administration in which I have a share are deserving of censure, that they were measures not of my advising. If any former ministers take these charges to themselves, to them be the sting."

One would have supposed that most wisdom lay in showing that these remarks did not carry any sting. But Lord North was unable to control himself so far. In his reply, he pronounced the "attack of the right honorable gentleman" to be the "most gross and scandalous that was ever heard in Parliament" (which it certainly cannot be called); and Sheridan, not to be outdone when strong language was toward, declared that "the right honorable gentleman had behaved that day not only with the greatest hypocrisy and meanness, but had held language the most insulting and unconstitutional that he had ever heard." This gives some picture of the temper of the times. It might not have been so hard to deal blow for blow; but Pitt had to accomplish another and a much more difficult task.

It was in a House led by men in such a temper as this that Pitt had to attempt to conduct the affairs of government; and before such opponents he rose on the 14th of January, 1784, to introduce his East India Bill, and to make the first of a long series of great ministerial speeches. On rising, he spoke with his customary haughtiness. He told the House that

he was neither deterred by the circumstances of the time, nor by the appearance of agitation in that assembly, in rising to move the introduction of a new Bill settling the Government of India; because he knew it to be the most immediate concern of the country, and that which, before all things, called for the consideration of Parliament.

The whole speech, unfolding the provisions of his measure, is a masterpiece of luminous exposition—the quality in which Pitt always shone beyond all others—and considering the circumstances in which the measure was brought forward, the almost certainty that it would not gain a decent hearing, the speech may be counted among the very greatest achievements of the minister, for all the time he

was speaking he did not disguise his expectation of the result.

He was aware [he said] that in the present circumstances of the time, any proposition that came from him was not likely to be treated with much lenity; and, indeed, from what he had previously heard, he might be permitted to apprehend, not likely to be treated with impartiality or justice; for they had already excited a clamor against what they conceived to be his ideas, and had already condemned without knowing his system.

Explaining that his measure had been submitted to the board of directors, and had obtained their entire approval —

He knew [he continued] the clamor which would be excited from the members who sat behind the right honorable gentleman (Fox). He knew how capable they would be of deciding on the subject from the notions they would receive from him. . . . But he confessed himself to be so miserably weak and irresolute as not to venture to introduce a Bill into the House on the foundations of violence and corruption.

And then, in a more conciliatory tone, he pleads for the principles of his measure, showing how impossible it was in a country so situated as India to construct an ideally perfect government.

Into such a government there could be introduced no theoretical perfection. It must be a choice of inconveniences; and therefore he trusted that, in the examination of the ideas which he should submit to them, they would take into consideration all these difficulties, and always remember that whatever was suggested, however specious, however promising it might be, must be tried by the event rather than by speculation.

I am not guided by considerations of personal interest nor of personal fame. I have introduced the plan as the deliberate conviction of my mind, made up on the most serious consideration of the most intelligent men. Accept the ideas if they are worth your notice; strengthen them with your wisdom; mature them with your experience; or, in their room, establish a more adequate system, and I am happy.

The measure, of course, was rejected, as Pitt anticipated; but in each division which was taken, the majority of the opposition grew smaller and smaller. At last came the dissolution. In the new Parliament the government was firmly seated by an enormous majority, and Pitt's long reign began.

Although Pitt was opposed by a phalanx of speakers who afterwards bestowed upon themselves the complimentary title of "All the talents," and whom Whig literature has since raised to form a polit-

ical constellation, it does not appear that he had very much regard for their abilities, excepting only those of Fox. "In his conversations with me," says Bishop Tomline, "Mr. Pitt always spoke of Mr. Fox as by far the ablest of the opposition, as a speaker, in the House of Commons." This may have been, in part, the effect of old association; for, as a boy, Pitt had begun to look up to the other as his future ally, and as in some sort his exemplar. He scarcely ever used towards Fox the contemptuous and sarcastic tone which he employed towards so many of his rivals; and, on the other hand, Fox for many years spared him the intemperate abuse which it was the delight of the other Whigs and their principal solace to bestow.

"I venerate the character of the young man who holds the reins of government at present. I admire his virtues and respect his ability," was one of Fox's references to Pitt almost at the same time that Sheridan had been telling the house that he behaved with the greatest hypocrisy and meanness, and Erskine had been complaining of "his childish impertinent inconsistencies;" while Pitt, on his side, in one of those graceful, polished sentences which add such a charm to his oratory, spoke of his rival as "the right honorable gentleman whose eloquence and abilities would lend a grace to deformity," or as "one whose extraordinary talents make him an exception to every rule where human abilities are in question."

But for his other opponents he had not the same respect. Even Burke, of whom in after years Pitt always spoke with high veneration, came in at this time for his share of contemptuous notice. Burke did not take a great part in the early attacks upon Pitt. But on one occasion he was overborne by the electric condition of the opposition atmosphere to indulge in language beyond the bounds of Parliamentary license. Pitt rose to order. "In any attacks upon myself I seldom think it worth while to interrupt the right honorable member, or, indeed, to make him any reply; but when the acts of the House . . ." Sheridan he seems to have considered of very small account, which, indeed, from the weakness of his character, he was. But it was Erskine whom he singled out as the special butt for his irony. Some of these sayings of Pitt on Erskine have become proverbial. As when, following upon a more than usually confused and blundering speech of Erskine — of whom so many speeches in the House of

Commons were confused and blundering — he referred to it by saying, "The speech of the honorable and learned gentleman was not, he supposed, designed for a complete and systematic view of the subject;" and subsequently spoke of "the scruples of the honorable gentleman's conscience which he was so desirous to dispel;" and of Erskine as one "whose important suffrage he would do so much to obtain;" until one turns from the exhibition as almost too painful, and needs to remind oneself of all the provocation which Pitt had received from Erskine and his friends.

Other fine displays of irony are afforded us in Pitt's speech on the negotiations for peace at the beginning of 1800, on every count one of his very greatest efforts. Erskine had preceded him, and in his speech had indulged the House with copious quotations from a pamphlet of his own which had run through a number of editions, and of which he was not a little vain.

"From the pages of the learned gentleman's pamphlet," said Pitt, "which after all its editions is now fresher in his memory than in that of any other person in the House or in the country, he has been furnished with an argument on which he appears confidently to rely."

There is a lazy scorn in that passage which it would not be easy to match. Or take the following: —

Unwilling, Sir, as I am to go into much detail on ground which has been so often trodden before, yet when I find the learned gentleman, after all the information which he must have received if he had read any of the answers to his work (however ignorant he may have been when he wrote it), still giving the sanction of his authority to the supposition that the order to M. Chauvelin to depart from the kingdom was the cause of the war between this country and France, I do feel it necessary to say a few words upon that part of the subject. . . .

Inaccuracy of dates seems to be a fatality common to all who have written upon this subject; for the author of the note to His Majesty [*i.e.*, Napoleon Bonaparte] is not much more correct than if he had drawn his information from the pages of the learned gentleman's pamphlet.

Grey, who came into the House of Commons after Pitt's early years in it had been passed, the latter generally treated like a boy.

I shall now, Sir, endeavor to follow the honorable gentleman through his argument [he says on one occasion], as far as I can recollect it, upon the important question of the Northern

Confederacy. In following the order which he took, I must begin with his doubts and end with his certainties; and I cannot help observing that the honorable gentleman was singularly unfortunate upon this subject, for he entertained doubts where there was not the slightest ground for hesitation; and he contrived to make up his mind to absolute certainty upon points in which both argument and fact are decidedly against him.

It should be remembered that these are the words of a seventeen years' premier to an opponent who had never held office, and that the question is one of international law (rights of neutrals, etc.), which seems naturally to belong to the province of a minister.

Or for a piece of quiet irony — which surely must have been uttered solely on the art for art principle, for it seems too subtle to be taken by the House — I will choose the following, which is part of a reply to Tierney, and stands thus in the reports: —

He (Pitt) began by saying that the honorable member at first appeared to ask for an enquiry upon the high prices, and had promised an examination of the governor of the Bank of England with regard to the effect upon them of the paper money. But he had abandoned that notion.

We have not heard a word of the examination of the Governor of the Bank. He has thought it better to move for a Committee of the whole House upon the state of the nation, as best fitted to investigate that infinite variety of subjects which he dwelt upon as the ground of enquiry. It is natural, therefore, that the honorable gentleman's topics should be numerous. The question of peace or war; the operations of our military force; the conduct of those by whom they were planned or executed; our alliances; our financial situation; the state of our constitutional rights (though touched upon by the honorable gentleman in a parenthesis); our internal circumstances, with which the dearthness of provisions and its remedies are all connected — these form the natural topics towards which a motion like that which has been made must be directed.

The passage is an admirable satire upon the debating-club style of oratory which marked the speeches of the Opposition at this period.

Such bright spots as these illuminate Pitt's speeches even upon the duller subjects. But they must, one fancies, have been put in more for the satisfaction of the speaker than for the sake of gaining the suffrages of his audience. For of all kinds of wit, sarcasm is the kind which men least understand and least appreciate. During the first nine years of Pitt's tenure

of power — those nine pacific years when all danger seemed far removed from his government, and the hopes of the Opposition grew fainter and fainter, there was no reason for Pitt to exert himself to make any extraordinary display. But just at the end of this period, which may be called the first volume of Pitt's life — it is a public life of three such volumes — an occasion arose which called from him a display of eloquence such as he never exhibited in any other passage of his career, either before it or after. It may be partly by reason of its superior reporting that Pitt's great anti slave-trade speech, delivered in the spring of 1792, appears to stand quite apart from his other utterances. But this cannot be the principal reason. It is different in style and manner from any of his other deliverances; different, too, for the occasion that called it forth. And this last fact is remarkable, for it shows — in despite of Macaulay — how little Pitt really did rely in the first place upon his Parliamentary triumphs. Pitt gained his office, it is true, by means of his abilities as a speaker. It is true that a Cromwell, or a William the Silent, would not in the circumstances in which he stood have risen to power at the time at which Pitt rose. But people do not, save in a democracy much more advanced than England's was then, retain power through mere gifts of speech. Pitt was retained as minister because men saw that he was the only man who could adequately perform the duties of a minister. And that it was not his eloquence that kept him there is, I say, sufficiently proved by this, that his greatest speech was uttered upon a question that in no way concerned the fate of the government, and that it failed, though supported on this occasion alone by speeches from the best men of the Opposition, to carry a majority in the division.

The history of this speech, and of the circumstances of its delivery, have been often told. Rising at four o'clock in the morning, Pitt spoke for about three hours. "During the last twenty minutes he seemed to be inspired," notes Wilberforce. Before he sat down the April sunlight had begun to steal through the windows —

Guardai in alto e vide le sue spalle,  
Vestite gia dei raggi del pianeta,  
Che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle,

and seemed to gild with a fresh beauty his words, and to suggest the splendid simile by which his speech was closed.

From an opening sentence of Miltonic stateliness the speaker proceeds to combat one by one the arguments of his opponents, which were in truth of the weakest, and rested chiefly upon two points: 1. That the slave trade was now necessary to keep up the supply of labor in the West Indies, however much the practice of slavery might be condemned on abstract grounds; 2. That even if England abstained from taking part in it, it would be carried on just as much by other nations, so that our Quixotism would profit the world nothing. Then in the second half of his speech he passes on to a more direct appeal: —

And now, Sir, I turn to Africa. This is the ground on which I rest. Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger is the argument for immediate than for gradual abolition? By allowing the trade to continue even for one hour, do not my right honorable friends weaken their own argument of its injustice? [But it had been alleged that some greater evil would be the consequence of this abolition.] I know of no evil which ever has existed, or can be imagined to exist, worse than the tearing of 80,000 persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe . . . Think of 80,000 persons carried out of the country by we know not what means. For crimes imputed, for light or inconsiderable faults, for debt, perhaps, for the crime of witchcraft, or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts . . . Do you think nothing of the families that are left behind; of the connections that are broken; of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder? . . . Thus, Sir, has British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing — I had almost said what irreparable — mischief have we brought upon that continent! . . . But, Sir, I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with the other parts of the world; and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect of attaining the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favorable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. . . . We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and phil-



osophy breaking in upon that land, which, at some happy period in later times, may blaze with full lustre; and, joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illumine and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

Nos . . . primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis  
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Then, Sir, may be applied to Africa the words originally, indeed, used with a different view:—

Hic demum exactis . . .  
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum memorum, sedesque beatas;  
Largior hic campus Æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

It is in this view, Sir—it is as an atonement for our long and cruel injustice towards Africa—that the measure proposed by my honorable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants is, of all the various and important benefits, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.

This speech, we have said, marks the termination of the first period of Pitt's ministry, and in consequence of his oratory. For now broke out the Revolutionary War. And anon there arose that star which was destined to have a baleful influence upon all his future life, and beneath the ascendancy of which at Austerlitz he died. It was the genius of Napoleon which furnished the greatest support to the low fortunes of the Whig party; the genius of Napoleon following upon the enthusiasm of the Revolution. In Parliamentary power Fox was not stronger than before. He was, on the contrary, much weaker, through the defection of Burke and Windham, and their following. But he was supported by a large section of the community, though chiefly the section which had no share in the franchise, and he was supported by the triumphs of the French arms all over the Continent. From this date, therefore, we enter, as it were, upon the second volume of Pitt's speeches, a volume which closes with his resignation of the premiership in 1801.

We now see Pitt under the cloud of a

diminished popularity. In reality the great body of the nation entertained for no instant a doubt that he was the only man equal to the circumstances which now opened around them, the only pilot who could weather the threatening storm. But the recognition of the indispensability of a public servant does not preclude—least of all does it preclude in England—plenty of grumbling and discontent with that servant. Pitt knew that with the changed state of things his own popularity had waned. But he likewise knew better than any one else that it was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the nation that he should remain in office. In 1793, when at dinner with Lord Mornington and another friend, he incidentally observed that if he were to resign then his head would be off in three weeks.

In this condition of affairs it is highly interesting to see how Pitt comported himself, what means he took to retain the confidence of the nation. His financial statements were now exchanged for speeches in defence of the war. Had he been of the temper of some modern statesmen, we know of what character these speeches would partake. There would have been constant assurances that the government contemplated a very early cessation of hostilities. At the end of each session the public would have been left with so strong an impression that the war was just drawing to a close, that it would have seemed a mere accident that at the beginning of the next session we found ourselves still in arms. Constant negotiations for peace would have been opened, even when the government knew that they could have no result, just for the sake of keeping the people of England in good humor; and ministers would have maintained a fictitious view of the whole situation, in the hope that the public would have lost memory of the events before it was possible for it to ascertain their true character. It need not be said that the conduct of Pitt was very different; nor do I think that any series of speeches are more worthy of study than those which between 1793 and 1800 he from time to time delivered upon the conduct of the war. Their intellectual excellence is very great, in the case of one or two it is superlatively great; but their moral excellence is still more noticeable. I do not believe it would be possible to collect from the lips of any public man a series of utterances at once more resolute, more candid, and more modest. Some of Bismarck's speeches are as distinguished



for the first two qualities, but they are remarkably deficient in the last. The attitude which Pitt takes up seems to me to be precisely that which, in a constitutional country, a minister ought to maintain. He never distorts the facts; he never hesitates to state his own opinion of what should be done in reference to them; but neither does he attempt to deny that if these views are not those of Parliament it will be his duty to resign. He never assumes a tone of arrogant dictation nor of arrogant triumph. He frankly acknowledges the defeat of his hopes.

It has pleased inscrutable Providence [he says once] that the power of France should triumph over everything that has been opposed to it. But let us not therefore fall without making every effort to resist that power; let us not sink without measuring its strength. If anything could make me agree to retire from the contest, it would only be the consciousness of not being able to continue it. I should then have, at least, no cause to reproach myself on the retrospect. I should not yield till I could exclaim:

Potuit quæ plurima virtus  
Esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni.

In another speech he describes the unprovoked attack of the French republic upon Switzerland:—

It collected into one view many of the characteristic features of that revolutionary system which I have endeavored to trace. The perfidy which alone rendered their arms successful; the pretext of which they availed themselves to produce disunion and to prepare the entrance of Jacobinism into that country; the proposal of armistice, one of the known and regular engines of the Revolution, which was, as usual, the immediate prelude of military execution, attended with cruelty and barbarities of which there were few examples: all these are known to the world. The country which they attacked is one which had been the faithful ally of France; which, instead of giving cause of jealousy to any other Power, had been for ages pre-eminent for the simplicity and innocence of its manners, and which had acquired and preserved the esteem of all the nations of Europe; which has almost, by the common consent of mankind, been exempted from the sound of war, and marked out as a kind of Goshen, safe and untouched in the midst of surrounding calamities.

And once again, in his speech on the union of Ireland, he dwells in the following terms upon the difficulties which, in carrying through their measure, the government had had to encounter:—

It was not because the measure was not vigorously opposed; the friends of the measure have had to stand against the threats of pop-

ular violence—against the enemies of the government under the lead of Protestants—against the violent and inflamed spirit and fierce attack of the Irish Catholics—and against the aggregate of all evils, the spirit of all mischief, the implacable opposition and determined hostility of furious Jacobinism. They had to meet [he goes on, aiming at his opponents in the House] the inflamed passion of disappointed ambition, which, under the name and pretext of superior patriotism, under color of jealousy for others' freedom, under affected tenderness for landed interest, affected care for commercial welfare, would reduce the State to ruin because they were not its rulers.

It is to such passages as these, far more than to any extraordinary excellence in imagery or eloquence, that Pitt's effectiveness as a speaker is to be mainly attributed. And this power could only have been gained by one to whom nature had given an ascendancy over the minds of others. Without this ascendancy, and the talent to preserve it, even Pitt's lofty character would not have sufficed. Burke could look back upon a public life as blameless as Pitt's; his ideas were as lofty, and he had, without question, a greater literary gift for giving them expression. But he was not always master of himself, he was subject to strange gusts of passion and of violent enthusiasm; and the result was that he never gained from the House of Commons a consideration at all commensurate with his deserts. To understand, therefore, the enthusiasm which Pitt's speeches called forth we must not forget the personal enthusiasm which his character excited. And we must heighten the effect of both these gifts by the dignity of his bearing and the singular melody of his voice. One who was an auditor of the last great speech which Pitt ever made (that on the renewal of the war in 1803), after describing the general effect of his speech, goes on to lament the evident signs of ill-health in the speaker:—

Though his voice has not lost any of its depth and harmony, his lungs seem to labor with those prodigious sentences which he once thundered forth without effort, and which other men "have neither the understanding to form nor the vigor to utter."

The above passages from his speeches show the spirit in which Pitt warred against the revolutionary principle. It may be true that this principle was almost sure one day to run its course. But surely we have reason to thank Providence—and our fathers had still more reason—that the triumphs of this revolution have been so long delayed. How

much less bloody and disastrous is a pure democracy likely to be in these days than it would have been in 1793! It was precisely the staving-off of democracy in England that Pitt considered his legitimate ground of triumph.

This country alone of all Europe [he says] presented barriers the best fitted to resist the progress of Jacobinism. We alone recognized the necessity of open war, as well with the principles as with the practice of the French Revolution.

And surely this is a legitimate boast. It is a shallow sort of judgment which is grounded solely upon a consideration of tangible results, without any consideration of the circumstances in which those results were achieved; which waits upon events and is only wise after the event. By people who judge after this fashion it is the common habit to contrast the younger Pitt's military failures with his father's successes, and thence to conclude that one was among the greatest, the other among the least, of our war ministers. As though the forces against which the two had to contend could in any way be compared! As if the France of Louis XV. were in anything but in name the same as the France of the Revolution and of the Consulate! As if Napoleon were to be likened to the Soubises or the Contades of the Seven Years' War!

"But," says Macaulay, "he should have proclaimed a holy war in the name of religion, morality, property, order, public law!" I will admit the force of this complaint against Pitt when it has been shown how often those who preached a crusade have brought it to a successful conclusion, how successful was Peter as a leader of armies, or how much preaching was done by Godefroi de Bouillon. That Pitt was not a Mahomet I will readily admit, if that is the point for which Macaulay is contending. But the truth is neither a Peter the Hermit nor a Mahomet would have found the elements of a crusade in the England of the Revolutionary War. And Macaulay's assertion that "the higher and middle classes of the country were animated by a zeal not less fiery than that of the Crusaders who raised the cry of *Deus vult* at Clermont," is a grotesque exaggeration such as one could never have found save in the pages of this writer, on whom surely some god at the same time that he endowed him with his vast and varied powers, added this curse, that he should be mentally incapable of seeing or presenting any facts quite in their true color!

After this the second half of his long administration, the second volume of his history, Pitt fell upon evil days and evil tongues. Addington came into power through the Catholic difficulty, and in so doing reaped the harvest which Pitt had sown, reaped no small share of the popularity of the peace which presently followed. Once in, he showed no signs of wishing to go out again; and the public, with the fickleness which public opinion always shows, began to forget the services of their old minister, to associate his name with the trials of the war, and to transfer their affections to the new, whom they associated with the blessings of the peace. Pitt was left to sulk like Achilles in his tent; to declare to his friends that he did not desire to return to office, and to eat his heart in the solitude of pride. But one more triumph was in store for him, the greatest almost, and certainly the most dramatic of his whole life. While the peace of Amiens lasted Pitt had for a period entirely withdrawn himself from Parliament. When the war was again renewed in May, 1803, the public voice and Pitt's own sense of duty alike called him back to Parliament. So great was the excitement at this return of Achilles to the Grecian ramparts, that on the first night on which he spoke the crowd in the House prevented the reporters from finding a place; so that scarcely even a fragment has been preserved of this, one of the finest, by contemporary accounts, of all Pitt's speeches, and certainly in the circumstances of its delivery the most interesting of them all. But some account of the reception accorded by the House to its late leader has been preserved:—

When he came in [says a contemporary letter] the attention of the House was withdrawn [from Lord Hawkesbury, who was speaking] and fixed upon him; and as he walked up to his place his name was repeated aloud by many persons, for want, I imagine, of some other way to express their feelings. Erskine and Whitbread were heard with impatience, and when, at the end of a tedious hour and a half, he rose (20 minutes to 8) there was first a violent and almost universal cry of "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" He was then cheered before he had uttered a syllable, a mark of approbation which was repeated at almost all the brilliant passages and remarkable sentiments; and when he sat down (9) there were three of the longest, most eager, and most enthusiastic bursts of applause that I ever heard in any place on any occasion.

This was Pitt's last and greatest triumph. Henceforth the clouds continued to gather round him till his end. His

health was visibly on the wane. As often happens, two years of comparative idleness had done more to undermine it than all the previous years of work. The opposition was powerless to defeat his policy, but it was capable of giving him no small annoyance —

Like noon flies

They vexed him in the ears and eyes;

first, by all that they had done by insincere praise and blame to sow dissensions between Pitt and Addington; next, by — what was a real godsend to them — the prosecution of Lord Melville. It has been told how Pitt confessed in the House what a “deep and bitter pang” it gave him to be obliged as minister to promote the impeachment of his old friend and colleague; and a contemporary has recorded in his diary how the moment that that impeachment was voted, “Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat which he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks.” A sad picture of the proud and lonely man. Mark, too, the note of exultation which breathes in the speech of Whitbread, the chief promoter of the impeachment.

He (Lord Melville) is now, Sir, in the strictest sense of the word, *felo-de-se*. He is a political suicide. No more can he hope again to enter the political Elysium. All his expectations of future honors are fled; all his schemes of future ambition are blasted . . .

The opposition even ventured to drag Pitt's own name into the business — some infinitesimal irregularity spied out in his department — though they knew well enough that he was quite out of the reach of any real accusation. As Macaulay says, “No minister was ever more rancorously libelled; but his worst enemies never dared to accuse him of touching unlawful gain.” In the speech which Pitt made in his defence against those insinuations we see once again some flash of the old victorious irony.

The honorable gentleman [he begins] has given you a long speech, much of which I am relieved from doing otherwise than barely noticing, since it embraced topics more properly of a general political nature and character. In treating the present charge, then, we surely have nothing to do with the merit of this or that administration, the conduct of the war, our naval and military establishments, our armaments, the armaments of our enemy, the fleets of France, where they are, and how occu-

pied, with the efficiency and economy of the Board of Admiralty under Lord St. Vincent, his successor, or any other . . .

This slight gleam lights up the last few months of Pitt's Parliamentary life. These final days were occupied over the famous impeachment, and duller official matters. The last utterance of his which finds a record in the Parliamentary debates is on “Mr. Johnson's financial propositions,” a series of resolutions designed to set forth the financial condition of England during recent years.

In the succeeding vacation, Pitt was engaged in great affairs. The famous coalition was made between England, Austria, and Russia; to go, alas! the way of all other coalitions. Then there was a great naval expedition set on foot, which bore its fruit at Trafalgar. It is pleasant to see Pitt during these final months brought into personal relations with the two or three really great men among his contemporaries — the two or three to whom, with himself, England was, or was to be, most indebted for preservation through her arduous days. First with Nelson, who — like the minister — was just about to embark upon his last voyage. “Mr. Pitt,” Nelson wrote, “paid me a compliment which, I believe, he would not have paid to a prince of the blood. When I rose to go he left the room with me and attended me to the carriage.” Then with Sir Arthur Wellesley, newly returned from his Indian victories. “I never knew any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse,” was Pitt's judgment on the young general; and Wellington's on Pitt, we can guess that: “He has more than once told me,” says Stanhope, “that, in his opinion, Mr. Pitt was the greatest minister who ever ruled in England.” Last of all with his old friend Lord Wellesley: his career too, at least the famous part of it, had now come to a close. Then — and then came the sun of Austerlitz; and for Pitt, eternal night. The new session began on the 21st of January; Pitt died on the 23rd.

C. F. KEARY.

From Chambers' Journal.  
MR. PUDSTER'S RETURN.

#### CHAPTER I.

MR. SOLOMON PUDSTER and Mr. Gideon Maggleby were bosom friends; nor could they well be otherwise. They were both born on the 29th of May, 1815, in

Gower Street, Bloomsbury; Solomon entering upon the world's stage at an early hour in the morning at No. 69, and Gideon first seeing the light about midday at No. 96. At the age of ten, the boys were sent to Westminster School; at the age of seventeen, they became fellow-clerks in the great West India warehouse of Ruggleton, Matta, & Co.; and at the age of four-and-twenty they went into partnership as sugar-merchants in Mincing Lane. At that period they were bachelors; and being already sincerely attached one to the other, they decided to live together in a pleasant little house in the then fashionable neighborhood of Fitzroy Square. For years they were almost inseparable. Day after day they breakfasted and dined together at home, and worked and lunched together in the City; and but for the fact that the firm purchased a large sugar estate in Demerara, Solomon Pudster and Gideon Maggleby would probably have never been parted for more than a few hours at a time until death decreed a dissolution of their partnership. The sugar estate, unfortunately, required a great deal of looking after; and at regular intervals of two years, one of the partners was obliged to cross the Atlantic and to remain absent from his friend for five or six months. Solomon and Gideon alternately undertook these troublesome expeditions, and braved the heat and mosquitoes of the tropics; and meantime the firm of Pudster and Maggleby prospered exceedingly; and no shadow of a cloud came between the devoted friends—the former of whom, on account of his being a few hours the older, was declared senior partner in the firm.

But in the year 1865 an important event happened. Mr. Pudster and Mr. Maggleby ran down by train one evening to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace; and on their return journey they found themselves in a compartment the only other occupant of which was a remarkably buxom and cheery-looking widow of about forty years of age. The two gentlemen, with their accustomed gallantry, entered into conversation with her. They discovered that she and they had several friends in common, and that she was, in fact, a certain Mrs. Bunter, whose many domestic virtues and abounding good-nature had often been spoken of in their hearing. They were charmed with her; they begged, as if with one accord, to be permitted to call upon her at her house in Chelsea; and when, after putting her into a cab at Victoria Station, they started off to walk

home, they simultaneously exclaimed with enthusiasm, "What a splendid woman!"

"Ah, Gideon!" ejaculated Mr. Pudster sentimentally, a few moments later.

"Ah, Solomon!" responded Mr. Maggleby with equal passion.

"If only we had such an angel at home to welcome us!" continued the senior partner.

"Just what I was thinking," assented Mr. Maggleby, who thereupon looked up at the moon and sighed profoundly.

"No other woman ever affected us in this way, Gideon," said Mr. Pudster; "and here we are at fifty —"

"Fifty last May, Solomon."

"Well, we ought to know better!" exclaimed Mr. Pudster with honest warmth.

"So we ought, Solomon."

"But upon my word and honor, Gideon, Mrs. Bunter's a magnificent specimen of her sex."

"She is, Solomon; and I don't think we can conscientiously deny that we are in love with her."

"We are," said Mr. Pudster with much humility.

Having thus ingenuously confessed their passion, the two gentlemen walked on in silence; and it was not until they were near home that they again spoke.

"I suppose that it will be necessary as a matter of formal business," suggested Mr. Pudster diffidently, "for us to call upon Mrs. Bunter and apprise her of the state of our feelings. We mean, of course, to follow the matter up?"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Mr. Maggleby; "we mean to follow the matter up."

"Perhaps the firm had better write to her and prepare her mind," proposed the senior partner, with kindly forethought.

"The firm had better write to-morrow, Solomon; but, Solomon, it occurs to me that the firm cannot marry Mrs. Bunter. You or I must be the happy man; and then, Solomon, we shall have to separate."

"Never!" ejaculated Mr. Pudster, who stopped and seized his friend by the hand—"never! You shall marry Mrs. Bunter, and we will all live together."

"Solomon, this is magnanimity!" murmured Mr. Maggleby, who had tears in his eyes. "No; I will not accept such a sacrifice. You, as the senior partner, shall marry Mrs. Bunter; and with her permission, I will stay with you. The firm shall write to prepare her mind. Business is business. The firm shall write

to-night; and I myself will take the letter to the post."

Half an hour later, Mr. Maggleby handed to Mr. Pudster a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

14 MINCING LANE, CITY,  
August 4, 1865.

To MRS. FERDINAND BUNTER,  
Matador Villa, Chelsea.

MADAM,—Our Mr. Pudster will do himself the honor of calling upon you to-morrow between twelve and one, in order to lay before you a project which is very intimately connected with the comfort and well-being of the undersigned. We beg you, therefore, to regard any proposition that may be made to you by our Mr. P., as made to you on behalf of the firm and with its full authority. We remain, madam, most devotedly yours,

PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY.

"How will that do?" asked Mr. Maggleby with conscious pride.

"Excellently well, Gideon," said Mr. Pudster. "But don't you think that 'most devotedly yours' sounds rather too distant? What do you say to 'yours admiringly,' or 'yours to distraction'?"

"Yours to distraction' sounds best, I think," replied Mr. Maggleby after considerable reflection. "I will put that in, and re-copy the letter, Solomon."

"We are about to take an important step in life," said Mr. Pudster seriously. "Are you sure, Gideon, that we are not acting too hastily?"

"Mr. Pudster!" exclaimed Mr. Maggleby warmly, "we may trust these sacred promptings of our finer feelings. We have lived too long alone. The firm needs the chaste and softening influence of woman. And who in this wide world is more fitted to grace our board than Mrs. Bunter?"

"So be it, then," assented the senior partner.

Mr. Maggleby re-copied the letter, signed it with the firm's usual signature, and carried it to the nearest letter-box. When he returned, he found his friend waiting to go to bed, and trying to keep himself awake by studying the marriage service.

On the following forenoon, Mr. Pudster, with the scrupulous punctuality that is characteristic of City men, called at Matador Villa, Chelsea, and was at once shown into the presence of Mrs. Bunter, who was waiting to receive him. "I am quite at a loss to understand why you have done me the honor of coming to see me to-day," said the widow. "From your

letter, I judge that you have some business proposal to make to me. Unfortunately, Mr. Pudster, I am not prepared to speculate in sugar. I am not well off. But, perhaps, I am under a misapprehension. The letter contains an expression which I do not understand."

"It is true," replied the senior partner, "that we *have* some hope of persuading you to speculate a little in sugar; and there is no reason why your want of capital should prevent your joining us."

"I quite fail to grasp your meaning," said Mrs. Bunter.

"Well, I am not very good at explanations," said Mr. Pudster; "but I will explain the situation as well as I can. You see, Mrs. Bunter, Mr. Maggleby, my partner, and myself, are bachelors and live together. We find it dull. We long for the civilizing influences of woman's society. We are, in fact, tired of single-blessedness. The firm is at present worth a clear five thousand a year. It will support a third partner, we think; and so we propose, Mrs. Bunter, that you should join it, and come and take care of us in a friendly way."

Mrs. Bunter looked rather uncomfortable, and was silent for a few moments. "You are very good," she said at last; "but although I am not well off, I had not thought of going out as a house-keeper. The late Mr. Bunter left me enough for my little needs."

"I hope so indeed, madam. But we don't ask you to come to us as a house-keeper simply. Marriage is what we offer you, Mrs. Bunter. In the name of Pudster and Maggleby, I have the honor of proposing for your hand."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunter in some agitation. "Surely you would not have me marry the firm?"

"I put it in that way," said Mr. Pudster, "because Maggleby and I are practically one and the same. But I will be accurate. The proposition is, Mrs. Bunter, that you should become the wife of — ahem! — the senior partner; and that Gideon Maggleby should live with us in his old sociable way. Excuse my blunt way of expressing myself, Mrs. Bunter."

"Then you, Mr. Pudster, are the senior partner!" said Mrs. Bunter, with a very agreeable smile. "I am very much flattered, I assure you; but your proposal requires consideration."

"No doubt," assented Mr. Pudster. "The firm is willing to wait for your reply. In matters of business we are never



in a hurry. When may we look for your answer?"

"Well, you shall have a note by to-morrow morning's post," replied Mrs. Bunter. "I may say," she added, "that I have heard a great deal of your firm, Mr. Pudster; and that I am conscious that it does me great honor by thus offering me a partnership in it."

"Indeed, madam, the honor is ours!" said Mr. Pudster, bowing as he retired.

No sooner had he departed than the widow burst into a long and merry fit of laughter. Her first impulse was to write and refuse the ridiculous offer; but as the day wore on, she thought better of the affair; and in the evening, after dinner, she sat down quite seriously, and wrote a letter as follows:—

MATADOR VILLA, CHELSEA,  
August 5, 1865.

TO MESSRS. PUDSTER AND MAGGLEBY,  
14 Mincing Lane, City.

GENTLEMEN,—I have decided to accept the very flattering offer which was laid before me to-day on your behalf by your Mr. Pudster. If he will call, I shall have much pleasure in arranging preliminaries with him. I remain, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

MARIA BUNTER.

"I must fall in with their humor, I suppose," she reflected. "And really, Mr. Pudster is a very nice man, and almost handsome; and I'm sure that I shall do no harm by marrying him. Besides, it is quite true that they must want some one to look after them. If they go on living by themselves, they will grow crusty and bearish." And Mrs. Bunter sent her maid out to post the letter.

Three weeks later, the widow became Mrs. Pudster; Mr. Maggleby, of course, officiating as best man at the wedding, and being the first to salute the bride in the vestry after the ceremony. Thenceforward, for a whole year, the three members of the firm lived together in complete harmony; and the pleasant history of their existence was only interrupted by Mr. Pudster's enforced departure for Demerara in September, 1866. Mr. Maggleby, it is true, offered to go instead of him; but Mr. Pudster would not hear of it; and Mr. Maggleby was obliged to confess that business was business, and that it was certainly Mr. Pudster's turn to brave the mosquitoes. And so, after confiding his wife to the care of his friend, Mr. Pudster departed. During his absence all went well; and in March, 1867, he returned to England. But this time

the heat had been too much for poor Mr. Pudster. His wife noticed that he was looking unwell. Maggleby, with sorrow, perceived the same. Pudster laughed. Nevertheless, he soon took to his bed; and after a long and painful illness, died.

The grief of Mrs. Pudster and Mr. Maggleby was terrible to witness. Mrs. Pudster talked of retiring from the world; and Gideon Maggleby disconsolately declared that he had no longer anything left to live for. No one, therefore, will be much surprised to hear that towards the end of March, 1868, Mr. Gideon Maggleby led Mrs. Solomon Pudster to the altar.

"Solomon will bless our union," Mr. Maggleby had said, when he proposed.

"Ah, dear, sainted Solomon!" Mrs. Pudster had exclaimed as she fell weeping upon Mr. Maggleby's breast.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. GIDEON MAGGLEBY had been married rather less than two-and-twenty hours, when at about nine o'clock on the morning of March 23, 1868, he walked into the room in which he had so often breakfasted and dined with his late friend and partner, Solomon Pudster. Mr. Maggleby, who was pre-eminently a man of business, had not seen fit to go to the Isle of Wight or to Paris to spend his honeymoon; and Mrs. Maggleby, who was nothing if not a woman of sound sense, had loyally accepted the decision of her third lord and master. They had agreed to stay in town, and not to allow their new happiness to interfere with their material interests in Mincing Lane. Mr. Maggleby had determined, however, to make a holiday of the day after his wedding; to stay at home in the morning with his wife, to escort her to Madame Tussaud's in the afternoon, and to take her to the play in the evening.

With this comfortable programme in his mind's eye, Mr. Maggleby came down to breakfast in his flowered dressing-gown. Mrs. Maggleby, he knew, would not be many minutes behind him, and he therefore rang the bell for the coffee, and turned lazily towards the table, upon which lay two piles of letters. The smaller heap chiefly consisted of missives addressed to Mrs. Pudster, for the marriage of the previous day had not as yet been noised abroad in the country, and Mrs. Maggleby had several female correspondents who communicated with her much more often than she communicated with them. The larger bundle was made up of letters addressed either to Mr. Maggleby or to



Messrs. Pudster and Maggleby, the letters to the firm having been already brought down from Mincing Lane by a confidential clerk.

It was a chilly morning; and Mr. Maggleby, with the letters in his hand, sank into an easy-chair by the fireside, and then began to polish his spectacles. But ere he had time to complete that operation, one envelope attracted the attention of his not very dim-sighted eyes. It bore the post-mark "Plymouth," and was addressed in a familiar handwriting. Without waiting to put on his spectacles, Mr. Maggleby seized this envelope and tore it open. For an instant he stared at the letter which it contained; then he turned white, and fell back with a groan. But Mr. Maggleby was a man of considerable self-command, and he soon partly recovered himself.

"Maria must not see me in this agitated state," he murmured, as he rose. "I shall go back to my dressing-room, and decide upon some plan of action before I face her." And with unsteady steps, he quitted the dining room, taking with him the letter that was the cause of his emotion.

Almost immediately afterwards, a servant entered with the coffee and some covered dishes, which she set upon the table; and no sooner had she withdrawn than Mrs. Maggleby appeared. Mrs. Maggleby looked blooming, and was evidently in capital spirits. She caught up her letters, sat down smiling in the very easy-chair from which her husband had risen a few minutes earlier, and began to read. The first letters to be opened were, of course, those which were addressed to her in her new name. They contained congratulations upon her marriage. Then she attacked the envelopes that were addressed to Mrs. Pudster. One contained a bill; another contained a request for Mrs. Pudster's vote and interest on behalf of Miss Tabitha Gabbles, a maiden lady who was seeking admission into the Home for the Daughters of Decayed Trinity Pilots; and a third brought a lithographed letter from the Marquis of Palmyra, imploring the recipient to make some small subscription to the funds of the Association for the Encouragement of Asparagus Culture in the Scilly Islands. There were also letters from Miss Martha Tigstake and Mrs. Benjamin Bowery, dealing with nothing in particular and with everything in general; and finally there was a letter bearing the post-mark "Plymouth." Mrs. Maggleby opened it

carelessly; but a single glance at its contents caused her to start up, grasp convulsively at the mantelpiece, utter an exclamation, and tremble like a leaf.

"Poor Gideon!" she said. "What a fearful blow! He mustn't see me in this agitated state. I shall go up-stairs again, and decide upon some plan of action before I face him." And Mrs. Maggleby, letter in hand and pale as death, quitted the room, leaving the coffee and the eggs and bacon and the crumpets to get cold.

Three-quarters of an hour later Mr. Maggleby ventured down-stairs again. He was dressed as if to go to the City, and in his hand he held a letter which bore the simple address, "Maria." This letter he laid upon his wife's plate. It was worded as follows:—

MY DEAREST LIFE,—I am suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to Mincing Lane on business of the greatest importance. I do not know exactly when I shall return, but you must not be anxious.

Yours devotedly, GIDEON.

Mr. Maggleby hastily seized a tepid crumpet, and without the formality of seating himself at the table, devoured the clammy dainty. Then, hearing his wife upon the stairs, he rushed like a madman from the room, and an instant afterwards, left the house and quietly closed the front door behind him.

Mrs. Maggleby, whose face bore traces of recent weeping, entered the dining-room as if she expected to find the place tenanted by a ghost. Discovering, however, that it was empty, she resumed her seat by the fire, and with an hysterical outburst buried her head in her hands.

"Poor dear Gideon!" she sobbed. "What will become of him and me? We shall be imprisoned for life; I know we shall. The house will have to be shut up; the business will go to ruin; the servants will have to know all. Oh, it is too terrible! But I must compose myself. Gideon will be coming down, and I must be prepared to break the news to him;" and with great self-command, Mrs. Maggleby wiped her eyes and seated herself at the table. As she did so, she caught sight of her husband's note, which she eagerly opened.

"He has gone!" she exclaimed despairingly, when she had read it. "I am left alone to bear the trial! Ah, Gideon, you little know how cruel you are. But I must follow you. We must concert measures at once."

Once more she went up-stairs. She

put on her bonnet and cloak; she covered her flushed face with a thick veil; and without saying a word to any of her servants, she left the house, and made the best of her way to the nearest cabstand.

Meantime, Mr. Maggleby had been driven to his place of business in Mincing Lane. He entered his office, and sat down as if dazed, in his private room. Hearing of his principal's unexpected arrival, the head clerk, Mr. John Doddard, almost immediately appeared. He too was scared and breathless.

"Read, sir, read!" he gasped, as he thrust an open letter into Mr. Maggleby's hand.

Mr. Maggleby mechanically took the letter, and read aloud as follows:—

*On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.*

DEAR MR. DODDARD,—As you are probably not expecting me, I send a line ashore to let you know that I hope to return in time to be at business at the usual hour on Thursday. Please take care that there is a good fire in my private room, as a visit to Demerara always, as you know, renders me particularly sensitive to cold and damp. I am writing to Mr. Maggleby. We have had a capital voyage so far, but the weather in the Channel threatens to be rather dirty. I shall land at Gravesend; and if you can find out when the "Camel" is likely to be there, you may send down some one to meet me.

Yours faithfully,

SOLOMON PUDSTER.

"I knew it!" ejaculated Mr. Maggleby. "I have just received the letter that he speaks of."

"What does it all mean?" asked Mr. Doddard. "I seem to be dreaming, sir. We buried poor Mr. Pudster eight months ago, didn't we?"

"So I thought," murmured Mr. Maggleby vaguely. "But this letter is certainly in his handwriting. And look at the post-mark. There it is, as plain as possible: 'Plymouth, Mar. 22, 1868.' That was yesterday; and to-day is Wednesday, March 23d. Just read my letter, Mr. Doddard!" and he pulled from his pocket a missive, which he handed to his clerk.

Mr. Doddard read as follows:—

*On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.*

MY DEAR GIDEON,—Here I am almost at home again. I fancy that you didn't expect to see me just at present; for I wasn't able to write to you before we left Demerara; so, as we are now sending ashore here, I post you a few lines to pre-

pare you for the surprise. It is, as you know, quite unusual for vessels of this line to call at Plymouth, and therefore I haven't time to send you a long letter; though, if we also call at Southampton, I will write again from there. I have told Doddard to send some one to meet me at Gravesend; let him take down any letters that you may want me to see at once.

Yours affectionately, SOLOMON.

"Well, I never did!" cried Mr. Doddard. "Yet I could swear to Mr. Pudster's handwriting anywhere. It is a terrible thing for a man who ought to be lying quietly in his coffin to come back like this, and upset every one's calculations."

"You are certain about the handwriting?" asked Mr. Maggleby anxiously.

"Quite certain!" replied Mr. Doddard. "What a frightful thing for poor Mrs. Pudster!"

"Mrs. Maggleby, you mean!" said Mr. Maggleby. "Yes. I don't know how to break it to her. It's a case of bigamy; isn't it?"

"Let us hope for the best, sir. Mr. Pudster won't prosecute, I fancy, considering the peculiar character of the circumstances. It's his fault. That's my opinion. I could swear, even now, that we buried him. He must have revived in his coffin, and been dug up again by the grave-diggers; and must then have gone over to Demerara, in order to avoid shocking his poor wife."

"I wonder our Demerara agents didn't say something about it when they wrote by the last mail," said Mr. Maggleby.

"Oh, of course he kept them quiet, sir. But it's a cruel case—that's all I have to say. And though I have known Mr. Pudster these thirty years, and liked him too, I don't hesitate to say that he's not behaving straightforwardly in this piece of business."

"Hush! Wait until you know of his motives," said Mr. Maggleby.

"He can't excuse himself, sir, I tell you," rejoined Mr. Doddard warmly. "If he comes back, I go. So there! And I say it with all respect to you, sir. When a man's once dead, he's got no right to come back again. It isn't natural; and what's more, it isn't business-like."

The bitterness of Mr. Doddard's remarks in this connection may be partly accounted for by consideration of the fact that Mr. Maggleby had a few days previously announced his intention of taking the head clerk into partnership at an early

date. Mr. Pudster's return would of course knock this project on the head.

"Well, Doddard," said Mr. Maggleby, "we can't mend matters by talking. We can only wait; and perhaps, when we see Mr. Pudster, we shall find that —"

But Mr. Maggleby's philosophical remarks were suddenly cut short by the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Maggleby upon the scene. She rushed into the private room, stretched forth a letter, and fell sobbing upon her husband's neck.

Mr. Maggleby placed his wife in a chair, opened a cupboard, gave her a glass of wine, took the letter, and read it. Like the others, it was dated from on board the "Camel," off Plymouth. "MY OWN DEAREST WIFE," it ran, "In a few hours from this I shall, I hope, be with you once more, never again to leave you. I ought to have already apprised you of the probable date of my return; but at the last moment before starting, I had no opportunity of writing. How glad I shall be to see you! My long absence has been a great trial to me, and I feel sure that it has also tried you; but it is now almost at an end. I will, if possible, write again from Southampton, and tell you exactly when to expect me. The sea in the Channel is so rough that at present it is difficult to say when we shall get into the river. Your ever loving husband,

"SOLOMON."

"It is most painful!" gasped Mrs. Maggleby. "What can we do, Gideon? You must manage to meet Solomon at Gravesend. Look in the newspaper, and see whether the 'Camel' has been signalled yet. He must hear first of what has happened either from my lips or from yours; and I am really not well enough to go myself. I thought that he was lying cold in his coffin. Oh, that I should have committed bigamy! I ought to have remained faithful to his memory. This is my punishment. But he must—he shall forgive me."

Mr. Doddard had gone into the outer office, and had sent a clerk for a copy of the *Times*. With this he now returned; and the paper was opened on Mr. Maggleby's table, and eagerly scanned for news of the "Camel."

"Here we have it!" said Mr. Doddard at last. "'Steamship 'Camel' from Demerara to London, with cargo and passengers, was signalled off Dover at one o'clock this morning.' Then Mr. Pudster will be at Gravesend in an hour or two, sir."

"Go, Gideon, go!" exclaimed Mrs.

Maggleby. "Lose no time. Take a special train if necessary. Tell him all, and implore his forgiveness."

"Yes, I think I had better go, Maria," said Mr. Maggleby. "I will send a clerk home with you, and will telegraph to you as soon as I see your—your late husband. In the mean time, try to be calm. Please tell them to call a cab, Doddard."

Mr. Doddard returned to the outer office, and despatched a messenger for two cabs. Mr. Maggleby handed Mrs. Maggleby into one of them, and a clerk followed her. Then the unfortunate man went back for a moment to his private room to study Bradshaw on the best and speediest route from London to Gravesend. There was a train at a quarter past eleven. It was then a quarter to eleven.

"And when will he be at Gravesend?" asked Mr. Maggleby.

Mr. Doddard turned again to the *Times*. But instead of at once lighting upon the shipping news, his eye fell upon a paragraph that occupied a not very conspicuous position at the foot of the page. Suddenly he uttered a cry.

"What's the matter, Doddard?" demanded Mr. Maggleby, who was rapidly growing impatient.

Mr. Doddard replied by bursting into a paroxysm of laughter. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this is too ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing in my life! It is like a play! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your merriment is rather ill-timed," cried Mr. Maggleby reproachfully. "Tell me when Mr. Pudster will arrive at Gravesend; and be quick, or I shall lose that train."

"A pump, too!" continued the head-clerk hilariously.

"You're mad, I think," said Mr. Maggleby. "What do you mean?"

"Well, read this, sir," answered Mr. Doddard, and he handed the *Times* to his principal and pointed to the paragraph.

Mr. Maggleby testily took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read:—

"EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY AT PLYMOUTH.—The corporation of Plymouth recently decided to remove an old and disused pump which for many years has stood handleless and dry on the Hoe. Yesterday morning, some workmen proceeded to remove it, and in its interior they were astonished to discover a number of letters, which had, it is supposed, been put into the hole into which the handle formerly fitted, under the delusion that the pump was a post-office pillar let-

ter-box. The letters were at once taken to the Plymouth post-office, and were without delay forwarded to their destinations."

"Can it be true?" ejaculated Mr. Maggleby, with a great sigh of relief. "Then the fact of the 'Camel' having been signalled last night off Dover is merely a coincidence?"

"Most certainly," said Mr. Doddard.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mr. Maggleby fervently. "Send the cab away, Doddard. But no! I'll go home again at once, and set my poor wife at ease. Ha, ha! I do remember now, that when poor Mr. Pudster came home from his last voyage, he discovered that some letters which he had posted at Plymouth had not been delivered. We didn't miss them, because, as you recollect, Doddard, he wrote again from Southampton."

"Of course he did, sir," said Mr. Doddard. "Well, let us congratulate ourselves. It would have been a fearful business for Mrs. Maggleby to have to go through."

"And it would have been bad for you, Doddard, for it would have spoilt your chance of a partnership for some time to come. Now, I'm off."

Mr. Maggleby put the *Times* in his pocket, and departed; and when he reached his home and showed the paper to his wife, the couple sat together for at least half an hour, talking over the extraordinary nature of the adventure.

"Well, we shall be able to go to Madame Tussaud's and the theatre after all, Maria," said Mr. Maggleby at luncheon.

And go they did; and what is more, Mr. Doddard became a partner a fortnight later, the firm thenceforward being known as Maggleby and Doddard.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NORWAY.

FIFTEEN summers, save one, have I spent in Norway. I wish I had not missed that fifteenth summer. To old Norwegians these lines dedicate no offering, except the tribute of congratulation, and the hope that they, too, may have their decades of good travel and good sport. But to those who have not yet been to Norway I may here be of some use, even if I fail to give some pleasure to those who have sailed her stormy seas.

I do not think there is a really good book on Norway. Those I have read in-

variably stop short at the exact spot where interest demands them to go on. They contain reports, rumors, records, impressions — redundant, defective, and abortive. Like country finger-posts, in Wilts or Devon, they point the direction you cannot decipher or the direction you desire not, misleading, too, because so rarely written up to date. How many Englishmen, to wit, must have traversed Lapland, and yet Major Hutchinson alone is faithful, suggesting difficulties of routes and facilities of sports. Whether my view be just or unjust, this at least holds good — no written record ever contains those unwritten laws of the travel-stained *raconteur*, after contact with tourists, sportsmen, *habitués*, and leading natives. Such fellowship with shrewd, kindly acquaintances have fallen to my lot. Often as I count the slow revolving months which must intervene before the time comes round to start for Norway again, I have chewed the cud of reflections so grateful and comforting.

In estimating the realities and possibilities of Norwegian sport and travel as it is, one is sorely tempted to indulge in a portrayal of the Norway of old, and to conjure up those happiest hunting-grounds — so difficult of access, so easy of sport — when every party had its own river and moor to itself; when every "stand" thereon had its two thousand pounds score of fish, and every "gun" thereon its twenty-five brace a day; when the royal salmon was not choked with the dust of saw-mills, nor his dominion tainted with rank poisons of civilization; when estuaries were not festooned and undermined with every kind of engine, trap, and mesh at every headland, point, or "hammer;" when fjeld and forest were as free as the air of the fjord, saddled with no stringent prohibitions, and vexed by no Licensing Acts. The glory of Norway's sport is departed. Gone those good old times, some say fifty, some say thirty years ago, that golden age of Finmark and Lofoten, of Alten and Namsen, of Dovre Fjeld and Ostredal, of Sogne and Hardanger.

The scientific explanation is the inferior productivity of the salmon tribe, and his fickle affection for certain regions, shores, and habitats. There is the breakdown in the national system of government inspectors, with a staff out of all proportion to a littoral whose external length must be fifteen hundred miles, and internally (following the intricacies of its countless fjords) far more than I dare estimate. Government inspectors, I have

heard, exist, but what visitors have ever beheld there? Granted their existence, they have also by law definite duties which might be exercised with more vigorous rigor. There is also the local difficulty of countless riparian proprietors with musty, doubtful rights and antiquated titles. If they cannot always establish their rights they generally contrive to get their fish, and often both; and if a not unnatural greed compels some of these poorer "caretakers" and holders in fee-simple not to consent to letting by contract, they can ever do, as they have ever done, injury incalculable to their rivers and estuaries by all kinds of netting at all times and seasons. Against these pernicious practices many English sportsmen have frequently remonstrated to the proprietors themselves. Finally, so many fishermen unreasonably hope to get in Norway what they cannot reasonably get in Scotland and Ireland, that the supply of worked-out, failing, over-netted, high-priced rivers — of rivers, alas, sold over one's head and behind one's back — is falling shorter and ever shorter of the demand, and men go their way convinced that the actual decrease is even greater than it is. In an equal degree, this conjoint operation of adverse causes has affected decent sea-trout-fishing, and in a minor degree trout-fishing in rivers, rivulets, lakes of the lowland valleys, and tarns of the highland fjelds.

The causes which have caused a decrease in grouse are traceable, I think, to the altered economic conditions of an improving country, to variations of climatic severity, to the leniency and laxity of national and provincial regulations about close time, and to the absence of any efforts to maintain the preservation of game. Norway is a poor country, becoming each month and every year more enriched with means of internal and coast communication and other facilities of transport. Its main arteries throughout are its line of steamers from the North Cape to the Naze, with their network of local "feeders" and tributary "tugs." These together "tap" all its largest towns and centres of demand. Its southern district, bounded by Christiania and Trondhjem, is connected by a State railway, with threatened extension to Bergen, its western mart, and eastward with through traffic to Stockholm and the more thriving municipalities of Sweden. Besides these *Fernbahnen*, there are State roads, *Kongsveier*, traversed by a progress easy and slow. In days when the king's highway

alone existed, a highland peasant proprietor assured me that he often conveyed one thousand ryper to Trondhjem and Christiania. And what he did in simple epochs hundreds do nowadays, not only in their thousands, but, thanks to the agencies of steam-power, in their tens of thousands too. Hence arise markets, and the dependence of towns upon country supplies. Add to this home consumption the increasing English craze, when British game is past, for grouse and ptarmigan with all their flavor iced out of them by long cellarage, and one is confronted by an extensive demand which necessitates extensive supplies. It is this capture or piracy of grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, capercaillie, and hares for all markets, so rapidly becoming an expanding industry, which tends to decrease shooting and limit the area of negotiable moors. The same demand does not decrease sport in England, where consumers are supplied from game preserves. But in Norway the supply is promoted by foul means far more than by fair, by netting, by snaring, by an absurdly circumscribed close time from June 1 to August 15, and by the approved murder of pairing birds in the "lekking" season. The law which is so sadly inadequate for the prohibition of salmon is even more inadequate here. The sportsman realizes this when each succeeding autumn brings him diminished "bags" after harder walking. Even the tourist may appreciate the absurdity when he fares sumptuously on fresh caillie in mid-June at some forest station; and the consumer knows it only too well, whose goodwife consigns to her attendant maid ryper which cost, in the market *torve* of Bergen or Christiania one hundred öre instead of fifty. Still, the keen shot whom the stretches of moorland brace with an invigorating enthusiasm can yet tread manfully and honestly on virgin land which will reward him well with many an unsophisticated heather-cock which has escaped the fowler's snare, and can even yet count his spoils with a light heart in some mountain *sæter* of the limitless, unexplored fjelds. You must know your dogs and your country, the temper of your district, and the idiosyncracies of local officials, and the patience of your own brave purposes; then you will average, with a comfortable comrade, your twenty brace a day. This is nothing, I know, to the fifty brace a single gun used to kill long, long ago in Lofoten, and bears no comparison to the prolific yields in better times on the islands off the northern



coast of Finmark, off Trondhjem itself, on the fjelds of Dovre and Fille, on the mountain-sides of Kiølen which verge to Osterdal and above Gudbrandsdal's well-farmed slopes. The contrast between what is and what was, the present and the past, what one gets and what one might get, is so striking and so galling, that men may well lend a tempting ear to those who entice them to transfer rod and gun to the rivers of Canada, the prairies of America, untrodden Iceland, to the "big game" of Cashmere and the "Rockies," the snipe and quail of Dalmatian foreshores and Egyptian deltas — even to the hot corners of the kingdom of Tipperary or to the quiet nooks secure of an Erin unregenerate by revolution, the removal of landlords, and the diapason of dynamite.

Persons who travel in quest of sport in a country wherein sport is so little pursued for its own sake by the Norske themselves must not neglect to notice and weigh the characteristics of the country in which they hope to find it. Norway is more than a "geographical expression." Its geography as affecting sporting localities and the influence of population upon fish, flesh, and fowl is everything. It is an elongated peninsula, flanked by its backbone, its highest mountain ranges, out of which run transversely westward vassal spurs, on the base of whose *roches moutonnées* foam the tumultuous waters of Teutonic tides and Arctic breakers. This backbone and these spurs form on their higher levels and lower ridges, on their table-lands and jagged sides, wastes of moor above the forest growth, snow-clad for almost nine months out of the twelve. There is the region of mountain tarns, the summer home of winged game — snipe, duck, ryper, blackcock, woodcock, and even capercaillie; but when evening breaks these fly downward to the refuge of their impenetrable forest. And between these vast ribs and ridges speed seaward with hurrying course, through forest, dell, and dale, and mayhap cornland, the myriad streams which swell the giant channel with picturesque rapids, romantic reaches, fascinating fosses — falls whose height unengineered by man's device the salmon fails to surmount, and is content to lurk amongst the pools which dot his river realm as it widens to the sea. Most men waste more expeditions than one in not knowing where to look for what they are seeking, and their expectations are cut off mainly because they will not consult the very topography of the country.

Foremost amongst the characteristics

of a sporting country stands its climate. I know too well what ruin snow in late spring and early summer can inflict upon grouse prospects. People have told me extravagant versions of warm autumn afternoons when one may throw stones at grouse and slay the tame victims. There is little exaggeration I fear in this, that on coldest winter nights and mornings peasant boys get near enough to squatting, paralyzed, frost-bitten, starveling grouse to knock them on the head with roughest of sticks. Lastly, in most countries the sport itself is affected by the nature of the inhabitants themselves. As a race the Norwegians do not understand the pleasure, the chance, the exercise; in the smallest degree, the skill involved; as a race they betake themselves *à la chasse* for dear life itself — for means of existence or exchange. They kill the bear because it kills their sheep, and slay the glutton because the glutton rends their kids, or pursue *vilde* to the death for paltry legal premiums. They net salmon and trout *pari passu* with herring and cod, and spear spawning trout as they pass from the big lakes up the shallow "becks," and salt one and all with unsparing indiscriminatio. Of course there are exceptions. Some of the better classes, leading merchants of the towns, members of the Christiania Sporting Club, doctors and lawyers of country districts, devote off days to their pet pastime, hare-hunting; some, too, on the opening feast of St. Ryper turn out in great array by the quays of Tromsø and Bergen, and the railway termini of Christiania and Trondhjem; others flush woodcock and stalk geese with artistic zest; whilst others are really apt hunters of reindeer, red-deer, and elk. Still, all said and done, they are not to the manner born sportsmen. I could seldom detect in them the "grit" and instinct of sport. Proficiency is rare, and then it is as often as not the proficiency of the professional — I had almost said, of the trapper of Cooper or the poacher of the laird. They have never had either time or taste, seldom the money, and but lately the improved means, so that their influence upon sport is relatively slight.

Other questions I have repeatedly had to answer are these: Is sport abundant in Norway? Is there any considerable difficulty in obtaining the right or the permission to fish and to shoot? And then, what kinds of fish and game may be usually found? If salmon fishing be impossible ought a trout-rod to be each traveller's *sine qua non*? And if a gun can generally



be turned to some account, is it any use taking a rifle too? Sport of all kinds and any kind is distinctly not "abundant," as manuals maintain. Salmon fishing is very scarce, and, as a rule, poor. I except, of course, the known rivers which have been long in the best of private hands, as was the Alten under the late Duke of Roxburghe; the Ranma, under Sir Charles Mordaunt and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport; Mr. Muster's rivers, and some smaller streams like my own in Nordland, which are nursed and preserved. Even good rivers which have had a succession of good tenants, like the Namsen, Gula, Vepsen, Orkla, Salten, etc., are fast becoming unreliable, whilst the Tromsø district (on survey charts most attractive) was five years ago (Consul Holst of Tromsø assured me), absolutely hopeless. It is little use then to think of salmon fishing in Norway unless one can take up the reversion of some such private properties, or the leases of smaller rivers in bad condition and coax them into better by buying off all evil ways. My friend, Mr. Bate, of Kelsterton, and myself have done this with considerable success. Good sea-trout fishing I find even more rare. The general impression is that it can be procured anywhere; the general result is, it is procured nowhere. Had I time to try, I should investigate two regions drained by small rivulets emptying direct into the fjords on the coasts of Jæderen or Lofoten, and perhaps at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. It must be really plentiful at the mouth of all rivers, one would think, and yet it is most difficult to procure; consuls, agents, merchants, tolks, travellers, fishermen — all have nothing definite to impart; each year, with its many applications, only adds to my despair. Everything depends on the locality chosen, the lateness of the season, the prevalence of rains, and a series of good lakelets above the rivulet. Without most of these conditions, it is in vain to journey many a bootless day to favorable venues. Brom trout are plentiful, of all sizes, easily procurable at all times. Sometimes to salmon fishers they are a greedy plague. Especially good sport with these can be gained readily in the streams and chiefly in the connecting necks which unite *vand* to *vand* away down Thelemarken, in St. Osterdal by the waters of Trysil and Rena; and, for those who do not mind exploring, in the miles of reaches which extend far above the fosses of all great rivers like Namsen, Maals, Surendal, Glommen (in part), Vepsen, and Salten.

The very extent of the fjelds makes it impossible to say that winged game is universally abundant. Some moors and forests, long since secured by rights prescriptive, are more prolific; but there must be many just as good (*vækjent*). Study a good map, and venture. There will be found sufficient sport with willow-grouse (*ryper*) on the moorland fringing the forest-level; fjeld-grouse (*ptarmigan*) higher up amongst the granite, the snow, and the moss; black game (*varfugl*), shy and scarce, the *ryper*'s rearguard on the lower terrain, and round the swamps and green oases, exposed, though pine-girt; golden plover on the undulating peaks, wind-driven and austere; very few wild geese, duck, widgeon, teal, except on the foreshores, and around the Swedish lakes. Far north, say within hail of Sulitelma or by mid-Norway's Jolûn fjelds, one might accidentally "draw a bead" on golden eagle when moons are blue. Snipe sociable and snipe solitary rise here and there from the long sedge and rush, and woodcock from juniper covert make up on most days, on most "beats" in forest or moor, the pleasures of a motley log. One never quite knows what is going to get up next — generally grouse. Those who have tasted the blood of a big game and will be content with nothing less, can, if they search with faith and patience, be guided to sure haunts of reindeer, elk, red-deer, and bear. Many sportsmen make one only of these game their only sport, and prove its worth and satisfaction by returning annually to the rights they have leased. I have known men kill their bear in the four corners of Norway — in Sæterdal, Osterdal, Christiansand, and Arctic Bardödal.

To the intending Norwegian I would say, beware of the volunteers who infest hotels and landing-stages to urge that worst of counsel — advice not wanted. These pernicious pests will invade annoyingly your *varelse* at Molde, Tromsø, Christiansand, Namsos, and the capitals. If you take up the hue and cry of these buzzing touts you will be too soon on a wrong scent. Experience and exploration alone sweeten discovery. Those who are of the "right sort" will be satisfied with a reward offered to them not unsparingly. The look of the country he travels and searches will tell the "old hand" the habitat of his game; whilst those outside that mystic "craft" are welcome to the glamor of the guide-books and their misleading marvels.

Lastly, as to cost. Salmon rivers rent

high considering the low estate to which they have fallen. Some persons pay £100 for their "stands" on a fashionable river. Rent, contract fees, payments for non-netting, boats, boatmen, all help to swell a significant total, which relatively few can afford to pay. £30, £50, are the average prices I have known paid for "rods"—the privilege of fishing only. These prices are well ahead of those in past years when fishing the pick of the pools meant little more than the *udlag* of reaching them. Other fishing is merely a matter of permission, always granted, but not always asked. Big game can be "chased" only under lease or license, or both. Forest leases are very slight, almost trivial sums being paid to each farmer for such uncertain sport. The State license for shooting over crown lands—all high fjelds are crown lands—is £11. Grouse is more a matter of hard work and compromise than by direct expenditure. It is made costly enough by State licenses, by monopoly prices charged to Englishmen for Norske pointers and Swedish setters, now that British dogs are marked contraband. Ghillies, ponies, parish *bevillinger* (£5 the season in some communes), all combine to disabuse one of the old fashioned notion that shooting, like fishing, costs only the time. I am not complaining of a *juste milieu*. I do not think avarice or extortion so prominent in Norske as in others. They are becoming a nation of charges. But what traveller has yet found that Utopia of sport whose inhabitants charge not for what they don't want and others do? If Norwegians are beginning to abandon the notion that every Englishman is an American or a lord, Englishmen must abandon the notion that Norwegians are the old hospitable race who give you everything for nothing. None want money more. None know better the value of money, English included. None are more *exigeant* in the mazes of hard bargains. None—if misshapen you should be put through inadvertence in a false position, as honest folk often are—none press more hardly for their fullest pound. In the secluded countryside they think us fools to come so far, and fools are everybody's fair prey. In the civilized capitals they look with jealous eyes on better sportsmen with better means and opportunities. Hence, by a friendly power which is annually enriched by a large and generous distribution of English wealth, English sportsmen are penalized as a prohibited class. Add to these expenses State, commune,

and clique impediments, the distances traversed, the cost of equipments personal and material—and of a truth the prophets prophesy falsely who aver that shooting in Norway is a cheap indulgence.

Equipments and accoutrements are so purely relative to personal taste and subjective standard of enjoyable travel, that I must omit them. All necessary articles of food and retinue are found catalogued in the pages of Murray, and embodied in the hints of Bennet's "Old Travellers." Norway's varying climate and various altitudes necessitate one essential—flannel garments. My friends and I do all our work clad in flannel. Hence our fortunate defiance of the dangers of prostrating heat and insinuating chills. Eatables and drinkables of all ordinary and luxurious kinds, excellent in quality, can be had at the *colonial-warehandel* of any large town, the *kjokmoend* of villages, the best farm stations on road routes, the *anlobsteder* of steamer tours. All of these can constitute handily enough head centres of provisions for excursions into the wilderness by *ridevie* or truant fjord-let. Tackle and ammunition are obtainable in Røraas, Bodo, Bergen, Trondhjem, and Christiania, and tackle better than ammunition. Both ought to be brought from home, and in sufficient quantities, for tackle is treacherous, and the carriage of cartridges, troublesome enough years ago by the favor of itinerant *tookjæds*, has become more troublesome, owing to "powder-vans" being attached to trains only once a month. Severe excursions wide of the main tracks require tents with all their fittings; good gauntlets, especially for ladies who fish and drive long carriage drives, and nets to make life barely tolerable before the plague of myriad mosquitoes in marshy venues and imprisoned valleys; and—oh, *fortunate nimum*!—an honest, energetic *tolk*, that blackest of black swans. His be the task to interpret, to lend a hand, *passim*, with oar or game-bag, to procure ponies, to cook when in camp under canvas or sœter, to pay all bills, and to meet all enemies in the gate. I have seen attached to the staff of some celebrities ladies'-maids (seasick soubrettes), cases of Bollinger, live ducklings, Mudie's boxes, Fortnum's hampers, dazed footmen, and medicine-chests fit to prop up a rickety British campaign, and, of course, cages of clothes, numerous and enormous, as if there were "express" cars at every quay and registered tidal services from port to port.

The different means of communication which prevail in Norway will give the best measure of what *impedimenta* are adapted to each route. The steamer companies of the coast and fjords are liberal carriers. When one has to make direct from British ports to annual quarters there need be no scrupulous limit. The mail steamers of the coast are numerous, regular, fairly punctual, well appointed in the matter of comfort, food, if not of service too — more after a Peninsular and Oriental or an Atlantic "liner" than a Wilson monopoly merchantman. They possess the advantage, supreme to so many, of doing most of their work *indenskjoers*, in calm waters protected by bulwarks of mountainous rocks — the blessing of a sea voyage without its nuisance. Highroads — models of engineering art, constructed and subsidized by the State — are pattern thoroughfares. They follow the river-beds of every important valley, and wind with magnificent monotony through leagues of pine and ash. Such are the well-known carriage roads, chiefest of which are now worked by companies with pony diligences. Dotted with posting-farms about ten English miles apart, they form convenient ways on which journeys can be easily broken and taken up — even journeys four hundred miles from end to end — with tributary parish roads to the Swedish amts and the western fjords. Their recognized *stoppesteder* have fast blossomed into almost hotels without hotel prices, on all "trunk systems." If the belated traveller, through backward start, lame or tired *skyds*, cannot reach his aim, he does not altogether miss his mark at intermediate stations. These, too, are all homely; food, Sabine and scanty, can be supplemented with private stores; beds delightfully clean, distressingly short, and the rudest apology for baths. *Rideveier*, or bridle-paths, through lonely forests to untutored mountain farms are cruel specimens of parish handiwork, and cruel are the habitations sparsely set along their borders. Here little food, but *vade-mecum* supplies, here dubious accommodation. In farms and soters like these has it fallen to my lot to sleep on the patriarchal sheepskins — once; thereafter on my rugs on the hard boards, in haylofts, and dried leaves. It is along these roads that every atom of luggage is a bane, unless it have immediate value in use. Everything must follow the tourist in *stolkjær* or *plaustra curulia*, which natural obstacles jolt and jerk to pieces, or precede him on the pack-saddles of pony cavalcades.

Still, such travelling is feasible for those who know what they will find and what is found for them. Thus have I traversed in three days one hundred miles of the wildest, weirdest mountain regions from Fagernes to Vaage Vand; thus also can undaunted ladies, as did Mrs. Antony Hamond, of Westacre, ride from the Fiskunfos of Namsen to the inland steamers of Swedish Jemtland. Communication is maintained by boat-posting on the fjords and up the large rivers; in desolate districts of upper Norway, north of Namsos, where government has completed few roads, where steamers are less frequent, boat-posting is the only traffic to market, to church, to post, to the doctor, from stage to stage of a journey, now nauseating, anon enchanting. And more inland still, Lapps and Finns will haul and pole and steer Viator with all his fortunes in their risky canoes up, down, and through the waterways of their river-god — often their only thoroughfare — men and women alike, *parvo discrimine leti*, amidst the creaming cauldrons of Lulea's "pools" and Tana's rapid "runs."

Three mistakes are provokingly prevalent about Norway. One misrepresents the climate, another assumes the inalienable right of any English to ubiquitous sport on Norske demesnes, another holds impossible enjoyment for holiday-seekers not absolutely bound for sport.

From June to October Norway owns a delightful summer, thoroughly comfortable, thoroughly enjoyable. To Norway speed, ye who are lamenting old-fashioned English summers you have lost a while. Now that America "bears" our seasons as she "bears" our markets, disturbances and depressions which allow the Briton an occasional lucid interval sometimes, as prophesied, strike the Norwegian coast, and some rainy seasons Sogne and Hardanger, Nordmore and Thelemarken are victims of natural causes and Yankee lore. In a land which is little but alternating hill and dale, this presents no exceptional phenomena. But inland and upland when the weather is set there is little *contretemps* to cloud the clearest of clear blue skies, to aggravate a genial heat which gladdens heart and quickens skin, to mar fullest enjoyment *sub divo* until the close of day whose "shadows" seldom "flee away" because they seldom come. In the land of a midnight sun visible till August, rest and recreation can be gained and spent under the light of an eternal day whose *mezzo notte* is the *souffçon* of departing eve. A land with so much

frontage of sea, and that sea subject to Gulf Stream influence, presents a temperature more equable, generous, and uniform than is commonly accepted. Compensating for his stingy presence in the nine livelong winter months the ever-present sun of summer reigns with genial sway, making best amends to mature cramped growths and snow-encumbered vegetation. In Scheffer's "*Lapine*" Olaus Petri tells us there is no spring, no autumn: in fifteen days woods are green with full leaf. In July and August we might drive all night, may lounge all day; their nights are seldom too cold, their days too hot. The air is ever clean and clear, bright and bracing, frank with a freshness that exhilarates and seems to effervesce. Let all realize this, in contrast to the stupid superstition of a raw wilderness everlastingly snow-mantled, an atmosphere rent and riven with lethal gusts of avalanche and iceberg. Travellers through Norway return from summer holidays, not pinched and frost-bitten like denizens under her Arctic winters, but sun-burnt and nut-browned with rays which might have escaped from the compounds of the Himalayas, the avenues of New York, or the bights of the Mediterranean. In all my fourteen summers and autumns, once only have I caught those colds it is so difficult to evade in old England. Medically Norway's climate commands the appreciation of doctors, native and foreign. Her pine-forest settlements are reclaiming to fuller life distinct classes of consumptive patients. The faculty of her university join with her leading towns in recognizing established sanatoriums on Highland spurs, and the value of mountain farms as summer residences for the families of her magnates and merchants.

Norway is far from being an *ultima Thule*, a no-man's land, where the "bartering animal" dwells not without hereditaments and landmarks of his own. Nor is it a land whose southern and central counties confess to the rights and restraints of law, whilst farther north adventure may lead Goth and Visgoth to trespass with rod and gun at his wild will. Mark the Lofotens. These picturesque islands, magic eeries of troll and tind, are well populated. They contain grass, arable, and forest properties with strict delimitations, common lands with scientific frontiers, the richest industries of Norway, cod-fishery and mines, a college of agriculture, I believe, and in Lødingen the largest telegraphic centre of Scandinavia. The tourist of fallacious garrulity

has invented these fables and grafted them on to the history of earlier freedom. Elsewhere, as in Lofoten, leave can be asked and given, rents must be paid, contracts elaborated and registered in local things. To this fatal misconstruction and arbitrary excess reasonable visitors of fair proclivities owe the unfair attitude adopted nationally and provincially against them. Hence the Parliamentary influence of Christiania sporting "sets" to represent the importation of British dogs as more dangerous to poor Norway's wealth than the ostracised potato. This silly exclusive act, originated by some ill-natured *bönder* — passed ostensibly to guard against hydrophobia, really to cripple English sporting — might for the honor of Norway's better *jagers* and for Norway's interest, be repealed at once. The measure of "a narrow majority of one" might easily succumb to ripper consideration and diplomatic good offices. None regret more than Norske *bönder* themselves the results of that act. The exclusion of foreign dogs too often means the absence of their masters, who bring much *penge* into the country and take so little back. There are substantial grounds for the belief that shortly the embargo on foreign dogs will fall into desuetude, or its contravention will be tacitly ignored. Norway still holds sporting dogs of English pedigrees for which are charged war prices, also dogs of English lineage, but crossed with French and Swedish strains. One Swedish setter was the best I have ever used, but they average badly both as regards instinct, breaking-points, and stamina. The Storthing in prohibiting introduction of foreign dogs some six years since, simultaneously with the imposition of £11 tax as shooting license (on crown lands only) showed their hand. The stranger in Norway cannot go where he lists at his sweet will, but is compelled now to go, if he goes, under exactions and enactments which preclude much relish.

But Norway is not the land of travel and sport only. It has many other allurements of legitimate interest. Writing for those whom everybody would wish to see there, whom the country would welcome and could ill afford to lose, I must draw the dividing line against the typical traveller of all climes, the *outré* spoil-sport of every excursus. Nowhere is his room more desirable than his company. Arrogant, loud-tongued, mischievous, he satisfies himself alone. How deep the gall of his iniquity whom even hotel-keepers con-

demon! Next to this irrepressible Panurgus many would lief see far away the pushing refugee from Switzerland, and the autocratic schoolmaster: these both oppress the quiet scenes of this simple land. Prejudice, perhaps! Maybe the prejudice of a caste who want Norway to themselves. But, at least, the well ventilated, well-recognized aversions of a hierarchy of better spirits who suffer for their fellow-travellers' sins, of a *coterie* of Englishmen who know, and say, and hear it said, what it is that maketh English guests to stink in the nostrils of their Scandinavian hosts. Of all tourists those who spend "three weeks with a knapsack over Norway," are, with little reason, the pet antipathy of Norse critics, who dub them "scrap-carriers," or the "bagmen" of holiday-mongers, querulous, absorbent, and unremunerative. The stream of *bonâ fide* visitors to Norway is becoming intensified in volume—a volume swollen mainly by English, and largely by Americans, Germans, and French. Each season the steamers are crowded well-nigh to suffocation during their voyages to the North Cape and the Russian borderland; the wayside stations are blocked with carriage-seeking travellers. This pressure is not so apparent in the district served by trains, most tourists preferring the regulation rounds of western fjords and northern expeditions. Clergymen constitute a leading feature of the throng—from overworked curates of the "slums" of Bristol and London docks, to the right reverend lords spiritual of Peterborough and Rochester; straying modestly aside from the gadding crowd, may be seen pillars of professions invalidated to absolute rest, heroines of honeymoons and adventurous wedding tours prolonged as an agreeable surprise. Norway can claim many lady visitors. Most persons imagine Norway is too arduous for ladies. For the rest, travel, holiday, study, even sport of womankind, it is congenial soil; it is a fairy-land of picnics and nooky retreats, adapted to the wants and tastes of ladies who love fresh air and exercise; with haunts easy of access and accommodation, with society for resident visitors, and associations pleasant enough to bid them return with the summer. What more generous holiday land could winged thought devise than Norway with its fjords for yachtsmen, its rivers, forests, lakes, and fields for sportsmen, its scenery majestically stern throughout the long length of its lands rich with the beauty of poverty, for the easel and pallet, the dry

plate and lens; its mountains scarcely Alpine in height or embarrassments for climbers almost Alpine; its glimpses, landscapes, *morceaux* to which painting and photography have scarcely lent a 'prentice hand; for one and all, the manners and customs of a race who seem so happily to touch the traits of Saxon and Rome, to "nick" the *nuances* of Caledon and Arcady? C. N. JACKSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

## THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF INSTINCT.

"GAVEST thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. . . . Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding."

This is the oldest theory of instinct. The writer of that sublime monument of literary power in which it occurs observed a failure of instinct on the part of the ostrich, and forthwith attributed the fact to neglect on the part of the Deity; the implication plainly being that in all cases where instinct is perfect, or completely suited to the needs of the animal presenting it, the fact is to be attributed to a God-given faculty of wisdom. This, I say, is the oldest theory of instinct, and I may add that until within the past twenty-five years it has been the only theory of instinct. I think, therefore, I ought to begin by explaining that this venerable and time-honored theory is a purely theological explanation of the ultimate source of instinct, and therefore cannot be affected by any scientific theory as to the proximate causes of instinct. It is with such a theory alone that we shall here be concerned. "When giants build, men must bring the stones." For the past eight or ten years I have been engaged in elaborating Mr. Darwin's theories in the domain of psychology, and I cannot allude to my own work in this connection without expressing the deep obligations under which I lie to his ever ready and ever generous assistance—assistance rendered not only in the way of conversation and correspondence, but also by his kindness in making over to me all his unpublished manuscripts, together with the notes and clippings which he had been making for the past forty years in psychological mat-



ters. I have now gone carefully through all this material, and have published most of it in my work on "Mutual Evolution in Animals." I allude to this work on the present occasion in order to observe that, as it has so recently come out, I shall feel myself entitled to assume that few have read it; and therefore I shall not cramp my remarks by seeking to avoid any of the facts or arguments therein contained.

As there are not many words within the compass of our language which have had their meanings less definitely fixed than the word "instinct," it is necessary that I should begin by clearly defining the sense in which I shall use it.

In general literature and conversation we usually find that instinct is antithetically opposed to reason, and this in such wise that the mental operations of the lower animals are termed instinctive; those of man are termed rational. This rough and ready attempt at psychological classification has descended to us from remote antiquity, and, like kindred attempts at zoological classification, is not a bad one so far as it goes. To divide the animal kingdom into beasts, fowls, fish, and creeping things, is a truly scientific classification as far as it goes, only it does not go far enough for the requirements of more careful observation; that is to say, it only recognizes the more obvious and sometimes only superficial differences, while it neglects the more hidden and usually more important resemblances. And to classify all the mental phenomena of animal life under the term "instinct," while reserving the term "reason" to designate a mental peculiarity distinctive of man, is to follow a similarly archaic method. It is quite true that instinct preponderates in animals, while reason preponderates in man. This obvious fact is what the world has always seen, just as it saw that flying appeared to be distinctive of birds, and creeping of reptiles. Nevertheless, a bat was all the while a mammal and a pterodactyl was not a bird; and it admits of proof as definite that what we call instinct in animals occurs in man, and that what we call reason in man occurs in animals. This, I mean, is the case if we wait to attach any definition to the words which we employ. It is quite evident that there is some difference between the mind of a man and the mind of a brute, and if without waiting to ascertain what this difference is, we say that it consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of reason, we are making the same

kind of mistake as when we say that the difference between a bird and a mammal consists in the presence or absence of the faculty of flying. Of course, if we choose, we may employ the word "reason" to signify all the differences taken together, whatever they may be; and so, if we like, we may use the word "flying." But in either case we shall be talking nonsense, because we should be divesting the words of their meaning, or proper sense. The meaning of the word "reason" is the faculty of ratiocination—the faculty of drawing inferences from a perceived equivalency of relations, no matter whether the relations involve the simplest mental perceptions, or the most abstruse mathematical calculations. And in this, the only real and proper sense of the word, reason is not the special prerogative of man, but occurs through the zoological scale at least as far down as the articulates.

What then is to be our definition of instinct?

First of all, instinct involves *mental* operation, and therefore implies consciousness. This is the point which distinguishes instinct from reflex action. Unless we assume that a new-born infant, for example, is conscious of sucking, it is as great a misnomer to term its adaptive movements in the performance of this act instinctive, as it would be similarly to term the adaptive movements of its stomach subsequently performing the act of digestion.

Next, instinct implies hereditary knowledge of the objects and relations with respect to which it is exercised; it may therefore operate in full perfection prior to any experience on the part of the individual. When the pupa of a bee, for instance, changes into an imago, it passes suddenly from one set of experiences to another, the difference between its previous life as a larva and its new life as an imago being as great as the difference between the lives of two animals belonging to two different sub-kingsdoms; yet as soon as its wings are dry it exhibits all the complex instincts of the mature insect in full perfection. And the same is true of the instincts of vertebrate animals, as we know from the researches of the late Mr. Douglas Spalding and others.

Again, instinct does not imply any necessary knowledge of the relations between means employed and ends attained. Such knowledge may be present in any degree of distinctness, or it may not be present at all; but in any case it is immaterial to the exercise of the instinct. Take, for



example, the instinct of the banbex. This insect brings from time to time fresh food to her young, and remembers very exactly the entrance to her cell, although she has covered it with sand, so as not to be distinguishable from the surrounding surface. Yet M. Fabre found that if he brushed away the earth and the underground passage leading to the nursery, thus exposing the contained larva, the parent insect "was quite at a loss, and did not even recognize her own offspring. It seemed as if she knew the doors, nursery, and the passage, but not her child."

Lastly, instinct is always similarly manifested under similar circumstances by all the individuals of the same species. And, it may be added, these circumstances are always such as have been of frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species.

Now in all these respects, instinct differs conspicuously from every other faculty of mind, and especially from reason. Therefore, to gather up all these *differences* into one definition, we may say that instinct is the name given to those faculties of mind which are concerned in consciously adaptive action, prior to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained; but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species.

Such being my definition of instinct, I shall now pass on to consider Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instincts.

Now, to begin with, Mr. Darwin's theory does not, as many suppose that it does, ascribe the origin and development of all instincts to natural selection. This theory does, indeed, suppose that natural selection is an important factor in the process; but it neither supposes that it is the only factor, nor even that in the case of numberless instincts it has had anything at all to do with their formation. Take, for example, the instinct of wildness, or of hereditary fear as directed towards any particular enemy—say man. It has been the experience of travellers who have first visited oceanic islands without human inhabitants and previously unvisited by man, that the animals are destitute of any fear of man. Under such circumstances the birds have been known to alight on the heads and shoulders of the newcomers, and wolves to come and eat meat held in one hand while a knife was held ready to slay them with the other. But this primitive fearlessness of man grad-

ually passes into an hereditary instinct of wildness, as the special experiences of man's proclivities accumulate; and as this instinct is of too rapid a growth to admit of our attributing it to natural selection (not one per cent. of the animals having been destroyed before the instinct is developed), we can only attribute its growth to the effects of inherited observation. In other words, just as in the lifetime of the individual, adjustive actions which were originally intelligent may by frequent repetition become automatic, so in the lifetime of the species, actions originally intelligent may, by frequent repetition and heredity, so unite their efforts on the nervous system that the latter is prepared, even before individual experience, to perform adjustive actions mechanically which, in previous generations, were performed intelligently. This mode of origin of instincts has been appropriately called the "lapsing of intelligence," and it was fully recognized by Mr. Darwin as a factor in the formation of instinct.

The Darwinian theory of instinct, then, attributes the evolution of instincts to these two causes acting either singly or in combination—natural selection and lapsing intelligence. I shall now proceed to adduce some of the more important facts and considerations which, to the best of my judgment, support this theory, and show it to be by far the most comprehensive and satisfactory explanation of the phenomena which has hitherto been propounded.

That many instincts must have owed their origin and development to natural selection exclusively is, I think, rendered evident by the following general considerations:—

(1) Considering the great importance of instincts to species, we are prepared to expect that they must be in large part subject to the influence of natural selection. (2) Many instinctive actions are performed by animals too low in the scale to admit of our supposing that the adjustments which are now instinctive can ever have been intelligent. (3) Among the higher animals instinctive actions are performed at an age before intelligence, or the power of learning by individual experience, has begun to assert itself. (4) Many instincts, as we now find them, are of a kind which, although performed by intelligent animals at a matured age, yet can obviously never have been originated by intelligent observation. Take, for instance, the instinct of incubation. It is

quite impossible that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm with the intelligent purpose of developing their contents; so we can only suppose that the incubating instinct began in some such form as we now see it in the spider, where the object of the process is protection, as distinguished from the imparting of heat. But incidental to such protection is the imparting of heat, and as animals gradually became warm-blooded, no doubt this latter function became of more and more importance to incubation. Consequently, those individuals which most constantly cuddled their eggs would develop most progeny, and so the incubating instinct would be developed by natural selection without there ever having been any intelligence in the matter.

From these four general considerations, therefore, we may conclude (without waiting to give special illustrations of each) that one mode of origin of instincts consists in natural selection, or survival of the fittest, continuously preserving actions which, although never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. Among animals, both in a state of nature and domestication, we constantly meet with individual peculiarities of disposition and of habit, which in themselves are utterly meaningless, and therefore quite useless. But it is easy to see that if among a number of such meaningless or fortuitous psychological variations, any one arises which happens to be of use, this variation would be seized upon, intensified, and forced by natural selection, just as in the analogous case of structures. Moreover there is evidence that such fortuitous variations in the psychology of animals (whether useless or accidentally useful) are frequently inherited, so as to become distinctive not merely of individuals, but of races or strains. Thus, among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts I find a letter from Mr. Thwaites under the date 1860, saying that all his domestic ducks in Ceylon had quite lost their natural instincts with regard to water, which they would never enter unless driven, and that when the young birds were thus compelled to enter the water they had to be quickly taken out again to prevent them from drowning. Mr. Thwaites adds that this peculiarity only occurs in one particular breed. Tumbler pigeons instinctively tumbling, pouter pigeons instinctively pouting, etc., are further illustrations of the same general fact.

Coming now to instincts developed by

lapsing intelligence, I have already alluded to the acquisition of an hereditary fear of man as an instance of this class. Now not only may the hereditary fear of man be thus acquired through the observation of ancestors — and this even to the extent of knowing by instinct what constitutes safe distance from firearms; but, conversely, when fully formed it may again be lost by disuse. Thus there is no animal more wild, or difficult to tame, than the young of the wild rabbit; while there is no animal more tame than the young of the domestic rabbit. And the same remark applies, though in a somewhat lesser degree, to the young of the wild and of the domestic duck. For, according to Dr. Rae, "If the eggs of a wild duck are placed with those of a tame duck under a hen to be hatched, the ducklings from the former, on the very day they leave the egg, will immediately endeavor to hide themselves, or take to the water, if there be any water, should any one approach, whilst the young from the tame duck's eggs will show little or no alarm." Now, as neither rabbits nor ducks are likely to have been selected by man to breed from on account of tameness, we may set down the loss of wildness in the domestic breeds to the uncompounded effects of hereditary memory of man as a harmless animal, just as we attributed the original acquisition of instinctive wildness to the hereditary memory of man as a dangerous animal: in neither case can we suppose that the principle of selection has operated in any considerable degree.

Thus far, for the sake of clearness, I have dealt separately with these two factors in the formation of instinct — natural selection and lapsing intelligence — and have sought to show that either of them working singly is sufficient to develop some instincts. But, no doubt, in the case of most instincts intelligence and natural selection have gone hand-in-hand, or co-operated in producing the observed results — natural selection always securing and rendering permanent any advances which intelligence may have made. Thus, to take one case as an illustration. Dr. Rae tells me that the grouse of North America have the curious instinct of burrowing a tunnel just below the surface of the snow. In the end of this tunnel they sleep securely, for when any four-footed enemy approaches the mouth of the tunnel, the bird, in order to escape, has only to fly up through the thin covering of snow. Now in this case the grouse probably began to burrow in the snow for the

sake of warmth, or concealment, or both; and, if so, thus far the burrowing was an act of intelligence. But the longer the tunnel the better would it serve in the above-described means of escape; therefore natural selection would tend to preserve the birds which made the longest tunnels, until the utmost benefit that length of tunnel could give had been attained.

And similarly, I believe, all the host of animal instincts may be fully explained by the joint operation of these two causes — intelligent adjustment and survival of the fittest. For now, I may draw attention to another fact which is of great importance, viz., that instincts admit of being modified as modifying circumstances may require. In other words, instincts are not rigidly fixed, but are plastic, and their plasticity renders them capable of improvement or of alteration, according as intelligent observation requires. The assistance which is thus rendered by intelligence to natural selection must obviously be very great, for under any change in the surrounding conditions of life which calls for a corresponding change in the ancestral instincts of the animal, natural selection is not left to wait, as it were, for the required variations to arise fortuitously; but is from the first furnished by the intelligence of the animal with the particular variations which are needed.

In order to demonstrate this principle of the variation of instinct under the guidance of intelligence, I may here introduce a few examples.

Huber observes, "How ductile is the instinct of bees, and how readily it adapts itself to the place, the circumstances, and the needs of the community!" Thus, by means of contrivances which I need not here explain, he forced the bees either to cease building combs, to change their instinctive mode of building from above downwards, to building in the reverse direction, and also horizontally. The bees in each case changed their mode of building accordingly. Again, an irregular piece of comb, when placed by Huber on a smooth table, tottered so much that the bumble-bees could not work on so unsteady a basis. To prevent the tottering, two or three bees held the comb by fixing their front feet on the table, and their hind feet on the comb. This they continued to do, relieving guard, for three days, until they had built supporting pillars of wax. Some other bumble-bees, when shut up, and so prevented from getting moss wherewith to cover their nests,

tore threads from a piece of cloth, and "carded them with their feet into a fretted mass," which they used as moss. Lastly, Andrew Knight observed that his bees availed themselves of a kind of cement made of iron and turpentine, with which he had covered some decorticated trees — using this ready-made material instead of their own propolis, the manufacture of which they discontinued; and more recently it has been observed that bees, "instead of searching for pollen, will gladly avail themselves of a very different substance, namely, oatmeal." Now in all these cases it is evident that if, from any change of environment, such accidental conditions were to occur in a state of nature, the bees would be ready at any time to meet them by intelligent adjustment, which, if continued sufficiently long and aided by selection, would pass into true instincts of building combs in new directions, of supporting combs during their construction, of carding threads of cloth, of substituting cement for propolis, and oatmeal for pollen.

Turning to higher animals, Andrew Knight tells us of a bird which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs; but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horsehair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibres and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor-bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew. The common house-sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest-building to circumstances; for in trees it builds a domed nest (presumably, therefore, the ancestral type), but in towns avails itself by preference of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely formed nest. Moreover, the chimney and house-swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliott Coues, all the species of swallow on that continent (with one possible exception) have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zealand, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the rivers on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build "new ones on the tops of high trees, afterwards bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water;" and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of the wild ducks of Guiana. Now if intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole breed or species of bird transport their young upon their backs — or, as is in the case of the woodcock, between their legs — but even to make web-footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest-building.

Turning now from the instinct of nidification to that of incubation, I may give one example to show the plasticity of the instinct in relation to the observed requirements of progeny. Several years ago I placed in the nest of a sitting Brahma hen, four newly born ferrets. She took to them almost immediately, and remained with them for rather more than a fortnight, when I made a separation. During the whole of the time the hen had to sit upon the nest, for the young ferrets were not able to follow her about, as young chickens would have done. The hen was very much puzzled by the lethargy of her offspring, and two or three times a day she used to fly off the nest calling on her brood to follow; but, on hearing their cries of distress from cold, she always returned immediately, and sat with patience for six or seven hours more. I found that it only took the hen one day to learn the meaning of their cries of distress; for after the first day she would always run in an agitated manner to any place where I concealed the ferrets, provided that this place was not too far away from the nest to prevent her from hearing the cries of distress. Yet I do not think it would be possible to imagine a greater contrast between two cries than the shrill, piping note of a young chicken, and the hoarse growling noise of a young ferret.

At times the hen used to fly off the nest with a loud scream, which was doubtless due to the unaccustomed sensation of being gripped by the young ferrets in their search for the teats. It is further worthy of remark that the hen showed so much anxiety when the ferrets were taken from the nest to be fed, that I adopted the plan of giving them the milk in their nest, and with this arrangement the hen seemed quite satisfied; at any rate she used to chuck when she saw the milk coming, and surveyed the feeding with evident satisfaction.

Thus we see that even the oldest and most important of instincts in bees and birds admit of being greatly modified, both in the individual and in the race, by intelligent adaptation to changed conditions of life; and therefore we can scarcely doubt that the principle of lapsing intelligence must be of much assistance to that of natural selection in the organization and development of instincts.

I shall now turn to another branch of the subject. From the nature of the case it is not to be expected that we should obtain a great variety of instances among wild animals of new instincts acquired under human observation, seeing that the conditions of their life, as a rule, remain pretty uniform for any periods over which human observation can extend. But from a time before the beginning of history, mankind, in the practice of domesticating animals, has been making what we may deem a gigantic experiment upon the topic before us.

The influences of domestication upon the psychology of animals may be broadly considered as both negative and positive — negative in the obliteration of natural instincts; positive in the creation of artificial instincts. We will consider these two branches separately. Here we may again revert to the obliteration of natural wildness. We all know that the horse is an easily breakable animal, but his nearest allies in a state of nature, the zebra and the quagga, are the most obstinately unbreakable of animals. Similar remarks apply to the natural wildness of all wild species of kine, as contrasted with the innate tameness of our domesticated breeds. Consider again the case of the cat. The domesticated animal is sufficiently tame, even from kittenhood, whereas its nearest cousin in a state of nature, the wildcat, is perhaps of all animals the most untamable. But of course it is in the case of the dog that we meet with the strongest evidence on this point. The

most general and characteristic features in the psychology of all the domesticated varieties are faithfulness, docility, and sense of dependence upon a master; whereas the most usual and characteristic features in the psychology of all the wild species are fierceness, treachery, and self-reliance. But, not further to pursue the negative side of this subject, let us now turn to the positive, or to the power which man has shown himself to possess of implanting new instincts in the mental constitution of animals. For the sake of brevity I shall here confine myself to the most conspicuous instance, which is of course furnished by the dog, seeing that the dog has always been selected and trained with more or less express reference to his mental qualities. And here I may observe that in the process of modifying psychology by domestication exactly the same principles have been brought into operation as those to which we attribute the modification of instincts in general; for the processes of artificial selection and training in successive generations are precisely analogous to the processes of natural selection and lapsing of intelligence in a state of nature.

Touching what Mr. Darwin calls the artificial instincts of the dog, I may first mention those which he has himself dilated upon—I mean the instincts of pointing, retrieving, and sheep-tending; but as Mr. Darwin has already fully treated of these instincts, I shall not go over the ground which he has traversed, but shall confine myself to the consideration of another artificial instinct, which, although not mentioned by him, seems to me of no less significance—I mean the instinct of guarding property. This is a purely artificial instinct, created by man expressly for his own purposes: and it is now so strongly ingrained in the intelligence of the dog that it is unusual to find any individual animal in which it is wholly absent. Thus, we all know, that without any training a dog will allow a stranger to pass by his master's gate without molestation, but that as soon as the stranger passes within the gate, and so trespasses upon what the dog knows to be his master's territory, the animal immediately begins to bark in order to give his master notice of the invasion. And this leads me to observe that barking is itself an artificial instinct, developed, I believe, as an offshoot from the more general instinct of guarding property. None of the wild species of dog are known to bark, and therefore we must conclude that barking

is an artificial instinct, acquired for the purpose of notifying to his master the presence of thieves or enemies. I may further observe that this instinct of guarding property extends to the formation of an instinctive idea on the part of the animal, of itself constituting part of that property. If, for instance, a friend gives you temporary charge of his dog, even although the dog may never have seen you before, observing that you are his master's friend and that his master intends you to take charge of him, he immediately transfers his allegiance from his master to you, as to a deputed owner, and will then follow you through any number of crowded streets with the utmost confidence. Thus, whether we look to the negative or to the positive influences of domestication upon the psychology of the dog, we must conclude that a change has been wrought, so profound that the whole mental constitution of the animal now presents a more express reference to the needs of another, and his enslaving animal, than it does to his own. Indeed, we may say that there is no one feature in the whole psychology of the dog which has been left unaltered by the influence of man, excepting only those instincts which being neither useful nor harmful to man have never been subject to his operation—such, for instance, as the instinct of burying food, turning round to make a bed before lying down, etc.

I will now turn to another branch of the subject, and one which, although in my opinion of the greatest importance, has never before been alluded to; I mean the local and specific variations of instinct. By a local variation of instinct, I mean a variation presented by a species in a state of nature over some particular area of geographical distribution. It is easy to see the importance of such local variations of instinct as evidence of the transmutation of instinct, if we reflect that such a local variation is obviously on its way to becoming a new instinct. For example, the beavers in California have ceased to make dams, the hyenas in South Africa have ceased to make burrows, and there is a squirrel in the neighborhood of Mount Airy which has developed carnivorous tastes—running about the trees, not to search for nuts, but to search for birds, the blood of which it sucks. In Ohin-tahi there is a mountain parrot which before the settlement of the place was a honey-eater, but when sheep were introduced the birds found that mutton was more palatable to them than honey, and



quickly abandoned their ancestral habits, exchanging their simple tastes of honey eaters for the savageness of tearers of flesh. For the birds come in flocks, single out a sheep, tear out the wool, and when the sheep, exhausted by running about, falls upon its side, they bore into the abdominal cavity to get at the fat which surrounds the kidneys.

These, I think, are sufficient instances to show what I mean by local variations of instinct. Turning now to the specific variations, I think they constitute even stronger evidence of the transmutation of instinct; for where we find an instinct peculiar to a species, or not occurring in any other species of the genus, we have the strongest possible evidence of that particular instinct having been specially developed in that particular species. And this evidence is of particular cogency when, as sometimes happens, the change of instinct is associated with structures pointing to the state of the instincts before the change. Thus, for example, the dipper belongs to a non-aquatic family of birds, but has developed the instinct, peculiar to its species, of diving under water and running along the bottoms of streams. The species, however, has not had time, since the acquisition of this instinct, to develop any of the structures which in all aquatic families of birds are correlated with their aquatic instincts, such as webbed feet, etc. That is to say, the bird retains all its structural affinities, while departing from the family type as regards its instincts. A precisely converse case occurs in certain species of birds belonging to families which are aquatic in their affinities, these species, however, having lost their aquatic instincts. Such is the case, for example, with the upland geese. These are true geese in all their affinities, retaining the webbed feet, and all the structures suited to the display of aquatic instincts; yet they never visit the water. Similarly, there are species of parrots and tree frogs, which, while still retaining the structures adapted to climbing trees, have entirely lost their arboreal habits. Now, short of actual historical or palæontological information — which of course in the case of instincts is unattainable, seeing that instincts, unlike structures, never occur in a fossil state — short, I say, of actual historical or palæontological information, we could have no stronger testimony to the fact of transmutation of instincts than is furnished by such cases, wherein a particular species, while departing from

the instinctive habits of its nearest allies, still retains the structures which are only suited to the instincts now obsolete.

Now this last head of evidence — that, namely, as to local and specific variations of instincts — differs in one important respect from all the other heads of evidence which I have previously adduced. For while these other heads of evidence had reference to the theory concerning the *causes* of transmutation, this head of evidence has reference to the *fact* of transmutation. Whatever, therefore, we may think concerning the evidence of the causes, this evidence is quite distinct from that on which I now rely as conclusive proof of the fact.

I shall now, for the sake of fairness, briefly allude to the more important cases of special difficulty which lie against Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of instincts. For the sake of brevity, however, I shall not allude to those cases of special difficulty which he has himself treated in the "Origin of Species," but shall confine myself to considering the other and most formidable cases which, after surveying all the known instincts presented by animals, I have felt to be such.

First, we have the alleged instinct of the scorpion committing suicide when surrounded by fire. This instinct, if it really exists, would no doubt present a difficulty, because it is clearly an instinct which, being not only of no use, but actually detrimental both to the individual and the species, could never have been developed either by natural selection or by lapsing intelligence. I may, however, dismiss this case with a mere mention, because as yet the evidence of the fact is not sufficiently precise to admit of our definitely accepting it as a fact.

There can be no such doubt, however, attaching to another instinct largely prevalent among insects, and which is unquestionably detrimental, both to the individual and to the species. I allude to the instinct of flying through flame. This is unquestionably a true instinct, because it is manifested by all individuals of the same species. How then are we to explain its occurrence? I think we may do so by considering, in the first place, that flame is not a sufficiently common object in nature to lead to any express instinct for its avoidance; and in the next place by considering that insects unquestionably manifest a disposition to approach and examine shining objects. Whether this,

disposition is due to mere curiosity, or to a desire to ascertain if the shining objects will, like flowers, yield them food, is a question which need not here concern us. We have merely to deal with the fact that such a general disposition is displayed. Taking then this fact, in connection with the fact that flame is not a sufficiently common object in nature to lead to any instinct expressly directed against its avoidance, it seems to me that the difficulty we are considering is a difficulty no longer.

The shamming-dead of insects appears at first sight a formidable difficulty, because it is impossible to understand how any insect can have acquired the idea either of death or of its intentional simulation. This difficulty occurred to Mr. Darwin thirty or forty years ago, and among his manuscripts I find some very interesting notes of experiments upon the subject. He procured a number of insects which exhibited the instinct, and carefully noted the attitude in which they feigned death. Some of these insects he then killed, and he found that in no case did the attitude in which they feigned death resemble the attitude in which they really died. Consequently we must conclude that all the instinct amounts to is that of remaining motionless, and therefore, inconspicuous, in the presence of danger; and there is no more difficulty in understanding how such an instinct as this should be developed by natural selection in an animal which has no great powers of locomotion, than there is in understanding how the instinct to run away from danger should be developed in another animal with powers of rapid locomotion. The case, however, is not, I think, quite so easy to understand in the feigning death of higher animals. From the evidence which I have I find it almost impossible to doubt that certain birds, foxes, wolves, and monkeys, not to mention some other and more doubtful cases, exhibit the peculiarity of appearing dead when captured by man. As all these animals are highly locomotive, we cannot here attribute the fact to protective causes. Moreover, in these animals this behavior is not truly instinctive, inasmuch as it is not presented by all, or even most individuals. As yet, however, observation of the facts is insufficient to furnish any data as to their explanation, although I may remark that possibly they may be due to the occurrence of the mesmeric or hypnotic state, which we know from recent researches may be induced in ani-

mals under the influence of forcible manipulation.

The instinct of feigning injury by certain birds presents a peculiar difficulty. As we all know, partridges, ducks, and plovers, when they have a brood of young ones, and are alarmed by the approach of a carnivorous quadruped, such as a dog, will pretend to be wounded, flapping along the ground with an apparently broken wing in order to induce the four-footed enemy to follow, and thus to give time for the young brood to disperse and hide themselves. The difficulty here, of course, is to understand how the birds can have acquired the idea of pretending to have a broken wing, for the occasions must be very rare on which any bird has seen a companion thus wounded followed by a carnivorous quadruped; and even if such observations on their part were of frequent occurrence, it would be difficult to accredit the animals with so high a degree of reasoning power as would be required for them intentionally to imitate such movements. When I consulted Mr. Darwin with reference to this difficulty, he gave me a provisional hypothesis by which it appeared to him that it might be met. He said that any one might observe, when a hen has a brood of young chickens and is threatened by a dog, that she will alternately rush at the dog and back again to the chickens. Now if we could suppose that under these circumstances the mother bird is sufficiently intelligent to observe that when she runs away from the dog, she is followed by the dog, it is not impossible that the maternal instinct might induce her to run away from a brood in order to lead the dog away from it. If this happened in any cases, natural selection would tend to preserve those mother birds which adopted this device. I give this explanation as the only one which either Mr. Darwin or myself has been able to suggest. It will be observed, however, that it is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it fails to account for the most peculiar feature of the instinct — I mean the trailing of the apparently wounded wing.

The instinct of migration furnishes another case of special difficulty, but as I have no space to dwell upon the sundry questions which it presents for solution, I shall now pass on to the last of the special difficulties which most urgently call for consideration. The case to which I refer deserves, I think, to be regarded as the most extraordinary instinct in the world. There is a species of wasp-like

insect, called the sphex. This insect lays its eggs in a hole excavated in the ground. It then flies away and finds a spider, which it stings in the main nerve-centre of the animal. This has the effect of paralyzing the spider without killing it. The sphex then carries the now motionless spider to its nursery, and buries it with the eggs. When the eggs hatch out the grubs feed on the paralyzed prey, which is then still alive and therefore quite fresh, although it has never been able to move since the time when it was buried. Of course the difficulty here is to understand how the sphex insect can have acquired so much anatomical and physiological knowledge concerning its prey as the facts imply. We might indeed suppose, as I in the first instance was led to suppose, that the sting of the sphex and the nerve-centre of the spider both being organs situated on the meridian line of their respective possessors, the striking of the nerve centre by the sting might in the first instance have been thus accidentally favored, and so have supplied a basis from which natural selection could work to the perfecting of an instinct always to sting in one particular spot. But more recently the French entomologist, M. Fabre, who first noticed these facts with reference to the stinging of the spider, has observed another species of sphex which preyed upon the grasshopper, and as the nervous system of a grasshopper is more elongated than the nervous system of a spider, the sphex in this case has to sting its prey in three successive nerve-centres in order to induce paralysis. Again, still more recently, M. Fabre has found another species of sphex, which preys upon a caterpillar, and in this case the animal has to sting its victim in nine successive nerve-centres. On my consulting Mr. Darwin in reference to these astonishing facts, he wrote me the following letter:—

I have been thinking about *Pompilius* and its allies. Please take the trouble to read on perforation of the corolla, by Bees, p. 425, of my "Cross-fertilization," to end of chapter. Bees show so much *intelligence* in their acts, that it seems not improbable to me that the progenitors of *Pompilius* originally stung caterpillars and spiders, etc., in any part of their bodies, and then observed by their intelligence that if they stung them in one particular place, as between certain segments on the lower side, their prey was at once paralyzed. It does not seem to me at all incredible that this action should then become instinctive, *i.e.*, memory transmitted from one generation to another. It does not seem necessary to suppose that,

when *Pompilius* stung its prey in the ganglion it intended, or knew, that their prey would keep long alive. The development of the larva may have been subsequently modified in relation to their half dead, instead of wholly dead prey; supposing that the prey was at first quite killed, which would have required much stinging. Turn this over in your mind, etc.

I confess that this explanation does not appear to me altogether satisfactory, although it is no doubt the best explanation that can be furnished on the lines of Mr. Darwin's theory.

In the brief space at my disposal, I have endeavored to give an outline sketch of the main features of the evidence which tends to show that animal instincts have been slowly evolved under the influence of natural causes, the discovery of which we owe to the genius of Darwin. And, following the example which he has set, I shall conclude by briefly glancing at a topic of wider interest and more general importance. The great chapter on instinct in the "Origin of Species" is brought to a close in the following words:

Finally it may not be a logical deduction, but to my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at such instincts as the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvæ of ichneumonidæ feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars, not as specially endowed or created instincts, but as small consequences of one general law leading to the advancement of all organic beings, namely, multiply, vary, let the strongest live, and the weakest die.

This law may seem to some, as it has seemed to me, a hard one—hard, I mean, as an answer to the question which most of us must at some time and in some shape have had faith enough to ask, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" For this is a law, rigorous and universal, that the race shall always be to the swift, the battle without fail to the strong; and in announcing it the voice of science has proclaimed a strangely new beatitude, Blessed are the fit, for they shall inherit the earth. Surely these are hard sayings, for in the order of nature they constitute might the only right. But if we are thus led to feel a sort of moral repugnance to Darwinian teaching, let us conclude by looking at this matter a little more closely, and in the light that Darwin himself has flashed upon it in the short passage which I have quoted.

Eighteen centuries before the publication of this book—the "Origin of Species"—one of the founders of Chris-

tianity had said, in words as strong as any that have been used by the Schopenhauers and Hartmanns of to-day, "The whole creation groaneth in pain and travail." Therefore we did not need a Darwin to show us this terrible truth; but we did need a Darwin to show us that out of all the evil which we see at least so much of good as we have known has come; that if this is a world of pain and sorrow, hunger, strife, and death, at least the suffering has not been altogether profitless; that whatever may be "the far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," the whole creation, in all its pain and in all its travail, is certainly moving, and this in a direction which makes, if not for "righteousness," at all events for improvement. No doubt the origin of evil has proved a more difficult problem to solve than the origin of species; but, thus viewed, I think that the Darwinian doctrine deserves to be regarded as in some measure a mitigation of the difficulty; certainly in no case an aggravation of it. I do not deny that an immense residuum of difficulty remains, seeing that, so far as we can judge, the means employed certainly do not appear to be justified by the ends attained. But even here we ought not to lose sight of the possibility that, if we could see deeper into the mystery of things, we might find some further justification of the evil, as unsuspected as was that which, as it seems to me, Darwin has brought to light. It is not in itself impossible — perhaps it is not even improbable — that the higher instincts of man may be pointing with as true an aim as those lower instincts of the brutes which we have been contemplating. And, even if the theory of evolution were ever to succeed in furnishing as satisfactory an explanation of the natural development of the former as it has of the natural development of the latter, I think that the truest exponent of the meaning — as distinguished from the causation — of these higher instincts would still be, not the man of science, but the poet. Here, therefore, it seems to me, that men of science ought to leave the question of pain in nature to be answered, so far as it can be answered, by the general voice of that humanity which we all share, and which is able to acknowledge that at least its own allotment of suffering is not an unmitigated evil.

For clouds of sorrow deepness lend,  
To change joy's early rays,  
And manhood's eyes alone can send  
A grief-enobled gaze.

While to that gaze alone expand  
Those skies of fullest thought,  
Beneath whose star-lit vault we stand,  
Lone, wondering, and untaught.

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not,  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught.

Yet still, —

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

G. J. ROMANES.

From The Sunday Magazine.

AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND SON.

It was a wild December morning. Dwellers in cities splashed through the puddles formed by the heavy rain of the preceding night and fretted against the exasperating wind, which made it a struggle to grasp their garments about them, and a still greater struggle to keep their tempers. Dwellers in quiet country-places plodded along the heavy roads and grumbled at the hard conditions of rural existence in such weather. But our story begins with a woman and a lad who were tramping across a rock-bound, treeless swamp on the largest of the Shetland Isles, and who neither grumbled nor even said a word about the weather, perhaps because they were too much accustomed to its harsh and inclement moods, perhaps because their hearts were both so full of other things, and that of one, at least, of feelings with which the gloom was more in accord than any sunshine could have been.

The woman was still in the prime of life, scarcely forty years of age, and the tall lad at her side was her eldest child. But Mrs. Sinclair, of Quodda School-house, had long parted from the last bloom of physical youth, and might have been more than ten years older than she really was. She was a small, slight woman of nervous and excitable temperament, and life had been, for her, little more than a long endurance. Toil and hardship had worn her frame, anxieties almost amounting to terrors had whitened her hair, but none of them had conquered her spirit of

indomitable cheerfulness. She had early made reckonings with her own heart as to what were its absolute necessities, and had found that with her, love, and the power of loving service far outweighed all privations and struggles, and so had resolutely accepted her full burden of these. Perhaps she had never before felt such a sinking of her soul as she did to-day, for at last change and pain were stealing into the very home and home ties for which she had wrought and suffered. It was time for Robert, her first-born, to go out and seek his fortunes in the great world. And now the very day of his departure had come.

"But as it is in the course of nature, it must be the will of God," said the brave little woman to herself; "and if one lets one's self begin to cry out against that, one never knows where one may end."

It troubled her sorely that during the recently past days she had not always been able to restrain her tears. For the sight of them vexed Robert, and had caused him to speak to her more than once in sharp words and with a morose manner, which she felt sure would return upon his heart to sting it with a tender remorse when he should have gone away out of her sight.

She felt thankful that she did not think she should lose command of herself to-day. All the pathetic parting preparations had been completed, and with nothing more but the end full in view, a desperate calmness had settled on her.

"When one's pain is worst, one shows it least. I know that," she decided to herself. "I believe that is the case with Robert. He has been feeling all the time, like I feel to-day."

"Now, Robert," she gasped, for they were walking at a considerable speed and the wind nearly took away her breath, "you won't forget always to let us have a letter. You know it is such a long while between our posts, that if none comes by one of them, we shall have a dreadful waiting for the next." Her life had been worn down by constant waitings—waitings for her husband's return from errands of duty and mercy, amid perils of darkness and cliff and wave—waitings for tidings of death among her own people in the far southern mainland. And somehow, too, she had always been the one summoned to share other people's waitings—the vigils of fishers' wives who knew not yet whether they were widows, and who craved for her presence and were consoled by it when they could bear none

other. Alike when the worst came, or when fear faded through hope into glad certainty, she could be spared, and then others might come to console or to congratulate. But she had always been the best angel of the waiting hours, whose touch was soft enough for hearts palpitating with uncertainty and who knew how to steer between that dread that is too like despair, and that hope which seems to tried hearts too much like indifference. Many a night through had she watched in narrow Shetland huts, while the wind tramped over the roof with a sound as of chariots and horses, and the sea roared and growled below like a fierce wild beast seeking his prey. She had known when to speak and when to keep silence; when to murmur a soothing text, and when only to trim the little iron lamp, or to add another peat to the glowing pile; when to kneel down and call out to God with that strange deep trust which we all find lying still and deep at the bottom of our hearts when storms of sorrow or fear are agitating our lives, and when simply and silently to prepare and proffer a cup of tea. But she knew, too, what all this had cost her.

"There's enough waiting in life which no human hand can hinder, Robert," she went on, struggling valiantly for speech, for she did not want to slacken pace, since Robert might need all his time. "I've had my share of that. I can see it was the lesson I needed, for I was of an impatient spirit. And I've certainly not had too much of it, for I can't do it easily yet. But I think it's a lesson we should leave in God's hand, and not one we should set each other. So you'll take care about the letters, Robert?"

"I'll do my best, mother," said the lad. "But I expect I shall be often very busy. If you don't get word of me you may be sure it is all right with me. Somebody else would soon take care to let you know if anything went wrong."

"I'm not so sure of that," she returned. "I've been thinking about that. Do you remember when the poor Norwegian sailor with his leg broken was carried up to our house from the wreck of the 'Friga'? Well, he wouldn't write home to his mother till he was sure his leg wouldn't have to be cut off. He said she would think no news was good news, and would be spared all trouble about his calamity if she never heard of it till it was over. And I thought so too, at that time; but somehow now I don't. If I don't hear from you I shall be apt to fancy, 'Something is wrong with Robert; but he and



his friends are saying that we will think no news is good news,' and that so they won't trouble us till they have good news to send. But of course we don't want you to be writing letters home when it is your duty to be doing anything else," she added, with true love's ready alarm and reluctance lest it become a drag and a fetter on the progress of active life; "but a line will not take you long, and it will make me do double the spinning and knitting on the day it comes in."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," said Robert. "But do you know, mother, I think you ought to go back? I can't bear to see you gasping and struggling against the wind as you are doing, and there is not time to walk more slowly or even to pick our way. You know I said you shouldn't have come out at all," he added in a rather gentler tone.

"Your father could not leave the school," she answered; "and I could not bear that neither of us should put you a bit on your way." ("She'll begin to cry now," thought the lad, for her voice faltered; but she did not.) "Yet, of course, I must not hinder you. I think I'll leave you at the Moull. I have just a few words to say yet — I won't take long about them. Robert, my boy, I and your father pray that you may prosper with God's blessing, but that you may always keep God's blessing, whether you prosper or not. And you won't forget your sister Olive, will you? She'll have to depend upon herself, just like you, when we're taken, and we'd not grudge parting from her sooner, if we saw it was for her future good. You'll keep a watch for opportunities to suggest to us for Olive, won't you, Robbie? You know we are so out of the world down here."

"Of course I will, mother, if I see any," said the lad, "but it is scarcely likely that such will come my way."

"What we are looking for is always to be seen sooner or later, and those in London are at the heart of everything," observed Mrs. Sinclair. "But here we are at the Moull," she said, stopping short. "Just stand still one moment, Robert — I won't come farther." They were at a point where the way wound between a high, mossy hill and a steep cliff. When they parted each would be out of sight of the other in a moment, so that there would be no heartrending lookings back. She had thought of this.

"Stand still one moment," she repeated. "I think there is something to say yet." She stood with her face towards the sea,

gazing out upon its waste of gray waters dashing up against the fortress-like rocks which guarded the low, dank green hills and the little hamlets peeping up among them. Something to say yet! There was a world of yearning love and solicitude seething in her mother's heart, but then such love and solicitude have to be condensed into much the same words as suit more common needs. She felt Robert give a slight, quick movement beside her; it might be of impatience, it might be of restive pain. It must be ended.

"Robert," she cried, "we shall be always thinking of you; and we do hope you'll always try to believe we did our very best for you. And in time bring us back your own old self improved. God help you to be good, Robert. God send you all true happiness. God keep you. God bless you. Good-bye, good-bye," and then, as she released his hands from her straining clasp and looked up into his face, her love threw a playful thought upon the wealth of its passion, like a rose on the top of a jewel-case, as she added, "And give my love to the trees, Robert; and be sure you know them when you see them —"

And so she smiled upon him and turned away, and in a moment the curve of the hill hid them from each other.

She did not stand still; if she had let herself do that she might have been tempted to hurry after him for yet another farewell. She hastened back along the lonely road which she had just trodden in his dear company. She did not lift up her voice and weep in the loneliness. Her imaginative nature had realized this pain too vividly beforehand to be startled by any sudden stabs. Only, though the wind was behind her now, she still felt scarcely able to draw breath. There were lowly houses in sight, where the simple island hospitality would have readily rendered her rest and refreshment, but there are times when nature's is the only face we can bear to look upon. Besides, hasten how she might, it would be dark before she reached home. The sun, which had not looked frankly from the sky all day, now displayed a lurid light behind the low hills to the west, throwing them into deep purple and violet shadow. She hurried on, for though there was nothing to fear in an island whose guileless population of many thousands scarcely needs the presence of a single policeman, and though, of course, Mrs. Sinclair was quite above all belief in the mischievous fairies, the mysterious "tangies," or

ghostly ponies, and other grotesque creations of the simple local imagination, yet in the darkness of a moonless night it would not be very pleasant travelling on a way where the driest walking was to be found by jumping from stone to stone in the bed of candid little watercourses that were far more to be trusted than the treacherous moss, which received one's foot only to close over it. At sundown, too, the wind was almost sure to rise. It was well that Mrs. Sinclair was one of those who instinctively avoid all avoidable discomforts as being apt to throw one aside from one's power to serve, and to compel one to be burdensome to others, for she was in that state of mind when the more selfish and reckless are inclined to court outward suffering as a relief from inward agony.

There was scarcely a sharp word which she had ever spoken to Robert, however much for his good, which did not now seem to her to have been a harsh word; and had she not often allowed him to see her disheartened, weary, and ailing, when by trying just a little harder she might have made believe to be as bright and well as usual? And had she done Robert justice to the very utmost of her power? The dear father was such an easy man, so ready to let things take their own way, and so sure that everything was for the best. That was his nature, and could not be altered, she thought; and a sweet and sunny nature it was. She only wished her own was like it, except that it might not do for two such to run together in such a troublesome world. Had they really done their best for Robert? Would he not find himself terribly behindhand when he went among other people who had lived all their lives in the polished places of the world? Perhaps it had been a mere petty pride, an unworthy shrinking from patronage, which had made her withhold the lad from too much frequenting of the houses of the one or two neighboring proprietors; and perhaps Robert would blame her for it some day!

Ah! she knew she did not miss Robert now—not yet—while the grasp of his hand was still warm upon her own, and while his last words were still ringing in her ears. She could almost be glad just now that he was going away from the constant storm and privation—from the dark, monotonous, empty days which she had often felt must be trying both to the boy's temper and moral nature. But how would she bear the summer-time, when the separation would be growing longer

and longer, and when she and Olive would take their spinning-wheels or their knitting out of doors, and watch the school-boys at football, but no more Robert among them; and when the fishing fleets would go and come, but there would be no Robert to go down to the boats and bring in the latest news? How would she bear to see the blue waves dancing in the sunshine, and to know they rolled between her and her boy, between him and all the old life that had been, and could be no more?

And then again her heart reproached her, for she was a woman who sought to walk in the ways of divine wisdom; and the precepts, "Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," seemed breathed into her ears almost as by an audible voice. No, she would not think of the future. It, and how she would bear it, was God's business, and not hers.

Then, with a strange rebound, such as only highly strung, wrung natures can comprehend, her thoughts went back to the past, to the richly wooded, bowery Surrey vale, which she had left more than twenty years ago, and had never seen since, and she saw before her, with all the startling clearness and detail of absolute vision, her ancient, moss-grown cottage home, with its sweet, old-fashioned flower garden, and the grey tower of the village church among its guardian yews. Surely for one moment a balmy breeze from that vanished past softened the fierce winds of Ultima Thule! Surely she caught a waft from the myrtles which used to stand in a row on the parlor window-sill! Oh, what a magician memory is! Mrs. Sinclair could have thrown herself down in the dark on the rough, wet ground, to cry her heart out in yearning for the homely faces of old neighbors, for the caw of the rooks in the squire's park, and the ringing of the English bells on a Sunday morning.

No, no, no; this would never do. Again the ancient oracle, to which she had never willingly turned a deaf ear, had its bracing word for her about "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Neither the future nor the past must lay violent hands on the present.

Was it tears or rain on her face? Either way, the rain soon washed off the tears, for it began to fall in torrents, soaking even the thick native shawl which she wore pinned about her head, a more appropriate covering in such a climate than

any bonnet or hat could be. It was dark now, and every moment the ground grew wetter and heavier, clogging the weary progress of her poor tired feet.

"I'm glad of the rain," she thought; "it will keep down the wind. Robert won't get wet in the cabin, and it will give him the smoother passage."

The way suddenly broadened into the valley where her journey ended. Here and there a solitary light sent out a spark of human cheer and habitation. She made straight to her own house, daring, now it was in sight, to realize that she was very tired. She lifted the latch. A glow of peat-smelling light and warmth rushed out to welcome her.

"It's well to reach home on such a night," she said cheerily. "And there's father waking up from a pleasant dream! And there's my Olive got the tea all ready for her mother! Won't it be grand when it's Robert himself that we welcome back again? And what a deal he will have to tell us! It's terrible, this going away; but then there could be no coming home without it. And I've been thinking, Olive, we must begin at once to spin some of our finest wool, or even some flax, if there's any still to be had in the island, to make Robert some light socks for the warm summers down south."

One is tempted to wonder sometimes why God makes such as Mrs. Sinclair to live in a world like this, where they seem doomed to the endurance of exquisite agonies which others never feel or even guess at, and so many of which, alas! others could often avert by a word, or even by a look—how much more by action! But let it be remembered that at every point at which pain can be received, there must be an equal capacity for receiving pleasure. And let it be observed that though the quivering nerves of these sensitive natures may only receive pleasure once for ten times that they are thrilled with agony, yet so exquisite is that pleasure, that it seems almost to neutralize their huge disproportion of suffering.

And what would the world be like if all souls were already so tempered?—ready to receive little but pain, yearning to render nought but joy? Would not that be the very kingdom and will of God come upon earth, for which we pray daily, but over which we too seldom ponder?

Let us think of these martyr-souls with a reverent exultation. They are God's best pledge of what he has in store when all hearts—even these—shall be satisfied forevermore.

## CHAPTER II.

## NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

AFTER his mother left him, Robert Sinclair plodded steadily on his road. He thought she was a good little woman to let him go at the last with so little fuss.

Very likely he would not have to walk alone far. One other young Shetlander, at least, was also to sail in the same ship which would take Robert away from the island. Robert was almost sure to overtake Tom Ollison presently, or at any rate to meet him at the half-way house, where travellers were wont to break their journey by a brief rest beside the fire, and a temperate meal of strong tea and home-baked bread.

If Robert's way onward was somewhat less picturesque than his mother's homeward one, it was also less lonely, that part of the country nearer its little capital being more populous than its remoter regions. Robert Sinclair quickened his pace, when he came in sight of a beautiful little bay, with many houses nestling among its cliffs, and a tiny church and a big manse standing on the lip of the sea. One more up-hill tug, and he would reach his temporary resting-place.

He found the good woman of the little house bustling about in a state of unwonted excitement. If Tom Ollison had not yet arrived, and Robert's inquiries ascertained that he had not, she had other guests of much greater importance in her eyes. Not that she might not have preferred Tom, for she had all the old-fashioned island distrust of strange faces. But then strangers always meant money, ready money, and that is no small boon in a place where life rubs on mostly by a series of exchanges, of doubtfully ascertained values.

Robert found no less than three people already awaiting the hostess's ministrations. But they were not all together—one sat alone and apart, quite extinguished by the presence of the others. He recognized this one, and she got up and curtseyed to him because she knew he was the schoolmaster's son at Quodda. This was little Kirsty Mail. He thought now that he had heard his mother say something about Kirsty's soon going to a servant's place in the south; but his mother was always taking so much interest in this kind of people and things, that he could not be expected to remember all the details.

The other two were strangers, perfect strangers, Robert was sure of that the

moment he saw them. They were seated in front of the open fire, spreading out their garments to dry in its genial heat. They both turned and looked at him; but they made no room for him at the fire, any more than they evidently had done for Kirsty Mail; probably it did not occur to them that anybody was travelling but themselves. The one was a big, burly gentleman with a face which would have been fine, but that its once noble outlines were blurred by too much flesh. It was the same with its expression. It was odd how so much good-humor and kindliness could remain apparent among such palpable traces of peevishness, irritability, and something very like discontent. His long, olive-green overcoat was richly furled about the neck and wrists, and there was a magnificent signet ring on the hand he held out over the glowing fire.

The other was quite a young girl, and it was almost ridiculous to see the features of the father's heavy, rather voluptuous countenance translated into her delicate beauty. But it was not everybody who would have eyes to see that his expression was also translated into hers, and still fewer, that it did not even gain by the transfer. Young vices go under such euphonious names: they are called "sweet petulance" and "airy scorn," and "innocent thoughtlessness." Alas! It is so often only when it is too late, when they have taken firm hold on the life and have ravaged it, and spread poison around it, that they are recognized for what they are!

"I hope that good woman won't be long in giving us something to eat, Etta," said the gentleman to the young lady. "I'd like to be into the town before dusk if possible; but I suppose it isn't. There's no knowing what the way may be like. What did she say she could let us have, eh?"

"She said something about eggs," answered the girl indifferently.

"And tea, eh?" added the gentleman with a disgusted tone. At that moment Mrs. Yunson bustled into the apartment to spread a clean, coarse cloth on the rough table. So he directed his inquiries to her.

"You don't mean to say you can't let me have anything stronger than that," he said, as she set forth a dim tin tea-kettle.

"It's real good, sir," she answered. "Tea's a thing that keeps well, and we can get that good."

"But I want some brandy—or at any rate some beer," he said.

"This isn't a licensed house, sir," said Mrs. Yunson. "There is not one nearer than Lerwick; there are very good ones there."

"Well, I don't know how you get on in such a climate without something to comfort you," observed the visitor. "But I dare say you know how to take care of yourselves. There are nice little places among the rocks, where nice little boats can leave nice little kegs, eh? And, upon my word, I don't see who could blame you. The revenue folk oughtn't to be hard on people living in such a place."

"Indeed, and that's very true, sir," responded Mrs. Yunson, going on with her hospitable duties.

"I suppose you really do have a good deal of smuggling here?" inquired the guest, lowering his voice to a more confidential tone.

Mrs. Yunson shook her head. "Not now, sir," she answered demurely. "There's a little tobacco, maybe, now and again, but not enough to be worth the trouble and risk. It is done more for the fun of the thing, than anything else, I do believe. The cloth is quite fresh and clean, miss," she interpolated, seeing the young lady's eyes fixed with suspicious disfavor on sundry pale stains upon it. "Those marks are just off the haystack, on which it was dried. That's the only way we can manage in winter—the ground is that soft and dirty, and the wind's too high for lines."

Miss Etta Brander began to sip her tea. She said nothing about its quality, which was really excellent, but she remarked that she could not touch the bread—she would rather starve—it was so lumpy.

"Well, Etta," growled her father, "I should really think you could put up for once without grumbling with what other people have to live upon all their days."

Etta smiled superciliously; she knew she owed the reproof only to her father's own irritation at having to go without his usual midday indulgence of a "tot" of brandy.

Mrs. Yunson asked if they had done with the teapot, that she might take it away to supply the wants of Robert and little Kirsty Mail.

Etta looked calmly at her, as if she either did not hear or did not understand what she said. But her father answered, "Certainly, certainly. Why did you not ask for it before? I did not know they were travellers too. I thought they were your own boy and girl."

Robert's cheeks flamed. To think of anybody's mistaking him for a son of old Bawby Yunson's! And yet was it to be wondered at, he admitted, thinking of his own rude and travel-stained appearance, and reflecting that people so accustomed to wealth and luxury as those before him, were little likely to observe those subtle marks of different rank which had hitherto been very visible to his own eyes. As for little Kirsty Mail, she was all in crimson confusion to think that anybody could imagine her a sister of young Mr. Robert Sinclair; how angry it would make him—such a smart young gentleman as he was!

Mrs. Yunson made sundry strategic movements by which she contrived to suggest that even these humbler guests must have some share of the drying warmth of the fire, before they could be suffered to depart. The gentleman pushed back his chair and made room for Kirsty.

"And where do you come from? And how did you get here!" he asked, looking at her with the smiling, half-contemptuous curiosity, which is some people's form of interest in an odd sort of animal.

"I came most of the way in a cart, sir," faltered the blushing Kirsty. "I come from Scantness."

"And are you going to Lerwick? How are you going to get there?"

"Walking, please, sir," said Kirsty, open-eyed, wondering what doubt there could be on that matter.

"It's pretty rough work for such as you," said the stranger.

"Oh, they are used to it, pa," remarked Miss Etta. "Habit is everything in these matters."

"And what are you going to do after you get to Lerwick?" Mr. Brander went on, as if nature had given him the right to ask all the questions because he was clad in broadcloth and sealskin, while Kirsty wore only coarse tweeds.

"I'm going to my aunt's in Edinburgh—I'm to stay with her until I get a place," answered Kirsty meekly.

"Oh, you're off in the ship too, are you? And is there not anybody from home to see you off?"

"No, sir," faltered Kirsty, "there's only grannie at home, and she's almost stone-blind."

"It's a wonder she did not want you to stay with her: how will she get on without you?"

"She lives with a woman who looks after her," answered Kirsty.

"And how does she live? I mean

what supports her? The parish, I suppose—I'm told it's getting quite the natural support of old ladies in Shetland," observed Mr. Brander.

"Grannie gets money from my uncle in Inverness," said Kirsty simply.

"Oh," said Mr. Brander, "that's very dutiful of him. I suppose he's pretty well off."

"He's a journeyman baker, sir," answered Kirsty. "He sends her three shillings a week regularly."

"And is that all she has?"

"She does a good deal of spinning and knitting yet, sir,—almost as well as if she could see," replied Kirsty, who was loyally proud of her grandmother in this respect.

"And does she make much by that?"

Kirsty was dubious, and hesitated.

"I mean, how much can she earn in a week?" he said, impatiently varying the form of his question.

"Indeed, sir, and I cannot tell that," said Kirsty, blushing as if she deserved that he should scold her.

"They don't do it in that way, sir," interposed Mrs. Yunson. "Most of them just do what they can, and take it to the merchant's, an' he gives them what he can afford of the things they are wantin'. I dare say your grannie will make out her tea and her meal yet that way—the little she wants"—she added turning to Kirsty.

"Indeed, an' she does," said Kirsty, greatly relieved.

"A very little goes a long way here, I imagine," observed Miss Henrietta Brander. Little did she dream that in her slighting words she had given a succinct description of true affluence!

"But you don't mean to tell me that those outlandish old things are still in actual use?" cried Mr. Brander, pointing to a spinning-wheel which stood in a corner of the room.

"Indeed, and it is so, sir," answered Mrs. Yunson. "I doubt if there's a house in Shetland without one. We know all about our wool from the time it's off the sheep's backs till it's on our own. We couldn't bear your manufactured things, sir, they would not serve our turn at all. There's nothing but Shetland wool will keep out Shetland weather."

Mr. Brander lifted a corner of the shawl which Kirsty Mail was wearing, and felt it gently between his fingers.

"You would be satisfied with fewer fal-de-rals, Etta," said he, "if you had to make them up from the beginning, in-



stead of running about to shops and dress-makers!"

Etta tossed her head. It was really too odious and too ridiculous that he should draw such comparisons. But then papa was always aggravating when he had not had his brandy.

"And aren't you frightened to be going among such strange places and people?" pursued Mr. Brander, still addressing Kirsty. "How will you manage all your little business. Haven't you any luggage? Where is it?"

"Grierson's cart took up my box this morning, sir," said Kirsty. "He had to go into Lerwick with some geese to sell for Christmas time. And Tom Ollison will see me safe on board ship, and off again to meet my aunt at Leith."

"Tom Ollison!" echoed Mr. Brander, with an inquiring look at Robert Sinclair. And before Kirsty could stammer out that this was not he, a merry young voice cried from the threshold, —

"Who wants him? Here he is! Haven't I run the last bit of the way, I was so afraid I should miss you! There's so many people to say good-bye to, and they have all something extra to say."

The speaker was vigorously rubbing his feet on the home-made straw mat in the entry. Mr. Brander watched, amused. Even Miss Henrietta gave her supercilious smile. When Tom Ollison came forward, and found whom he had been addressing so unceremoniously, the swift color rushed to the very roots of his waving golden hair, but he only looked frankly into the unknown faces and smiled.

"I did not expect anybody was here but Kirsty and you, Rob," he said, with implied apology.

"I expect you will have to be quick over your eatables, young man," remarked Mr. Brander, with a smile, "or you and this fair damsel will be terribly belated."

"We'll be in plenty of time for the boat, sir," answered Tom; "thank you, sir, thank you," as Mr. Brander pushed the homely viands towards him. "And everybody is quite safe here at any time. There's nobody to be met but those willing to do one a good turn."

"Ah, I suppose so," said Mr. Brander, half interrogatively. "I am told you hardly lock your doors at night hereabouts. Wonderful, that seems to us, accustomed to cities like London and Glasgow. What is that you are saying, Etta?"

"That the houses do not look as if they held much worth stealing," she said list-

lessly. "I can scarcely tell which are dwelling-houses and which are what our driver called lamb-houses."

"You see we are all pretty much alike in Shetland, sir," observed Tom Ollison, in his pleasant, frank manner.

"We might well be all a little better off," sighed Mrs. Yunson.

"At any rate, nobody ever starves here," said Tom Ollison, "and that's more than can be said for those places where there is plenty to steal in some houses. It's not what is in our houses, but the houses themselves, which might be a little changed for the better. I'm glad the young lady has noticed how bad they are."

Somehow, there was an awkwardness in the pause which followed.

"I suppose the horse has had its feed by this time," said Mr. Brander, rising. "Is the chaise ready?"

"It's standing at the door," answered Mrs. Yunson, bustling forward to proffer her assistance to Miss Etta with her wraps. "You must put on everything you can, young lady," she advised, "for I think there is going to be more rain."

"Heugh!" said the young lady, sniffing at the quilted hood with which she enveloped her sealskin-capped head, till little was visible of her face except her eyes — "Heugh! how soon everything gets a smell of that horrid peat!"

"We think it fine and healthy, ma'am," observed Mrs. Yunson. "The fish o' the sea an' the peat i' the hills, are the blessings God gives to Shetland."

Robert Sinclair had already gone outside. He wanted to have a look at "the chaise," — perhaps to put a few questions to its driver. Tom Ollison sauntered after him, and then Kirsty Mail stole out, not caring to be left alone with the "gentry."

Robert turned to young Ollison as he joined him, and drew him a little aside.

"Why! — do you know who those are?" he whispered.

"Ay, that I do," said Tom with a smile. "That's Mr. Brander, the London stock-broker, who has just got hold of Wallness and St. Olas Isle."

"Ought you to have said anything to him about the houses?" asked Robert.

It was notorious that those on the Wallness estate were among the worst in the island.

"To whom ought one to speak about them if not to the landlords? Ought we only to talk of their business behind their backs?" returned Tom; "and I did not

bring in the subject, neck and heels; the young lady led up to it. And as he has just got hold of the property he's not to blame for its condition yet — not yet! I thought I was in the nick of time."

The Branders came out of the cottage. Etta was assisted into the seat beside the driver, for her father did not venture to take the control of a strange horse on unknown roads. Etta made considerable demands on both him and the driver in the way of tucking her into her rugs, and securing them about her. At last she pronounced herself "as comfortable as she could be in that miserable climate," and her father was free to clamber rather painfully into the back seat of the vehicle, which had scarcely been built for people of his weight and proportions. His native good-humor revived as he looked forward to a more stimulating meal at the snug hotel in the town.

"I think we have room for another — a light one," he said, looking at Tom Ollison, who had somehow piqued and interested him. "Will you have a lift?"

"Thank you very much, I'm sure, sir," said Tom brightly. "But I've promised to look after Kirsty, and I've to look in at one or two houses with messages, and I've got to carry this to Lerwick," and he poised in his hand a strange, strong-looking basket made of closely bound straw.

"What in the name of wonder are you doing with that? It's empty, isn't it?" asked Mr. Brander.

"It's a Christmas present from our farm lad to his sister, who is married, in Lerwick. It is to hold her peats. It is what we call a cashie," explained Tom. "The men make them in the winter evenings."

"Well, as you've neither got a damsel to escort, nor a hamper to carry," said Mr. Brander, turning to Robert Sinclair, "perhaps you will be glad of a lift? If so, up you get."

"Thank you very much, sir," answered Robert, instantly accepting the invitation. What a queer fellow Tom was! Kirsty must have come on safely enough without him: for that matter, Robert himself would have had to walk with her then. And Tom could have left the cashie at Mrs. Yunson's for somebody else to take up at their leisure — the servant-lad would have easily inferred that it had been accidentally forgotten. However, Robert felt that he had little reason to criticise Tom's "queerness," since in this instance it had given him an opportunity he must otherwise have missed.

"Well," said Kirsty, as she and Tom set off on their march, after the chaise had rapidly driven away, "I should not think anybody with all those beautiful wraps need grumble at any weather."

"Don't you think so, Kirsty?" said Tom. "I rather do. I think the wrapping up is the bother of it, for any of us. I should not like to be a fish if I had to put on waterproofs."

"Who is that young fellow we have left behind us?" asked Mr. Brander of Robert, as Tom and Kirsty waned small in the distance while the chaise rattled away.

"Tom Ollison, sir," Robert answered. "He is the son of the farmer at Clegga, out Scantness way."

"A fine young fellow, if he only has good guiding and gets into the right way," mused Mr. Brander aloud, revealing the purport of his words by adding, "He ought to make a fortune with that head of his and that taking manner. But it's odd how those don't always tell best in that direction. I shouldn't wonder, now," he went on, with a keen glance at his companion, "if you come back the richer man of the two."

Robert smiled demurely at the dubious compliment. "Tom was always cleverer than I was," he said. "I've always known him: he went to my father's school."

"And you're not going to follow your father's profession? You're wise. Plenty of work for very little money there — not a penny turned over without drudgery in it. Just work, work, work, till a man is worn out. I say that a man should make his fortune soon enough to enjoy himself while he's able to do so."

There was that in Mr. Brander's manner which added as plainly as in words, "as I have done." Still Mr. Brander did not look a perfect picture of enjoyment. He was scanning the features of the country through which they were passing.

"Some of the houses are a little more like what one is accustomed to hereabouts," he observed. "These all have some sort of window, and mostly chimney-pots. About Wallness I noticed many with only apertures in the roof for a light, and a hole for the escape of smoke."

"I've heard it said that those are most comfortable after all, for this climate," remarked Robert.

"Well, perhaps so. Ha! I shouldn't wonder — warm in winter and shady in summer," assented Mr. Brander with a sense of relief. "Only when one sees them one's natural feeling is that one wouldn't like to live in them one's self."

"The people are accustomed to them," said Robert; "it is quite a different thing. They have no idea of anything else."

"And it's really folly to interfere with the habits of a community," remarked Mr. Brander. "I believe in keeping in old fashions. The world would be a ridiculous place if it was not for variety."

He began to think that after all he had not made such a bad bargain in acquiring the estate of Wallness. Certainly, he would never have chosen it; it was not in his line at all. He had hitherto taken his holiday pleasure on plans gradually ascending with his fortunes, from Margate and Brighton to Scarborough and Hamburg; he had stayed at the Lakes once, and had been horribly bored, though he always owned that the cooking was good. But Wallness and the island of St. Olas had "come in his way," as he would have termed it, or he "had got hold of them," as Tom Ollison had expressed it, because, being an unentailed property, the last of their ancient owners had used them as security in sundry speculative proceedings, by which he had wildly hoped to realize some wealth wherewith to enrich himself, and do some justice to his barren and ill-drained acres, a proceeding which, of course, had ended as it always does. It had struck Mr. Brander that it did not sound bad to be the owner of an island, and to talk of "his little place, Wallness Castle." At any rate he would keep them for a little while: they had come into his possession at a time when he could not hope to gain much by selling the pledge he had taken of his neighbor, and it occurred to him that their value might be increased by a little judicious application of the business principles which he had found to answer so well in his set in the City. He had been a little confounded by the utter novelty of all he had found at Wallness. He had mistrusted the late laird's factor, had shrunk from the minister, and altogether had been inclined eagerly to seize an opportunity of insight into the workings of the native mind, which he shrewdly felt he was likely to get from either of the unsophisticated island lads whom chance had thrown in his way. Young Ollison had startled him by touching the already uneasy nerve of his conscience. Robert had furnished him with exactly the arguments and points of view which had been needed to soothe it. He felt confirmed in his first opinion, that of the two this was the lad who would get on in the world.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DIFFERENT PEOPLE'S DIFFERENT WAYS.

THE black darkness of night overtook Tom Ollison and Kirsty long before the changeful beacon light of Bressay cheered them with the thought that Lerwick was nigh at hand.

Tom had to make a little digression from his direct path to visit a primitive village, that he might say good-bye to one or two "old folks" who had once worked on his father's "place." And as it was from this village that the Lerwick people got most of their peats, it also occurred to Tom that "it was ill carrying in an empty cashie," when he might spare somebody one journey by filling it at once. His father had entrusted him with one or two silver coins as "New Year tokens" for these ancient dependents, and somehow, when Tom thought how their hard-working lives were fast closing in, while his was beginning in youth and health and hope, and how their grand old faces might very likely be at rest under the rough turf of the bleak churchyard before he could come back, he felt he should like to give them a little pleasure now, while they were within his reach, and so he supplemented his father's gifts with all the munificence of youthful sensibility. The old folks received his kindness with the dignity of their years, with almost as little show of emotion as might be displayed by stone deities when offerings are laid at their shrine. But when he was gone, slinging the now weighted cashie over his strong young shoulders, one old dame said to her ancient neighbor that, "the Ollisons had always had the open hand; it ran in the race; not the ill-closed-together fingers that let the money slip through, but the thumb that bends far back, and kens how to give." And the veteran had answered sternly, "that he knew nought o' such auld wife's sayings, but he reckoned the world was none the poorer if such as Tam Ollison were rich."

Tom had full license for his liberality, for as the youngest son of a widower — well-to-do, according to island estimates, and already relieved from all charge of his elder children — the lad had started from home with a fairly liberal allowance for his journey in his pocket, and without any straight injunctions as to how it should be applied. "Do what you feel is best under the circumstances which arise, Tom," old Mr. Ollison had said. "Think what is right and fair: that's the best ad-

vice I can give you, my boy, because I can't foresee every turn, and this will fit them all."

At last the crowded lights of Lerwick itself brightened on the view of the young travellers, but not before the staggering steps and roystering shouts of sundry wayfarers they encountered had announced that they were in the vicinity of that stage of civilization of which "licensed houses" form an important item.

Tom had promised Kirsty's grandmother to take her to the Clegga farm-servant's married sister, where the girl could get rested and refreshed and await the boat that would take them off to the ship. Kirsty had never been in "a town" before, and was awed and mystified as she followed Tom through the steep, narrow lanes. She started and exclaimed at what at first seemed to her in the darkness to be a gaunt arm stretched over a low wall in Chromate Lane. It was but the stumpy bare bough of a stunted tree! But when they arrived at their destination, and she was welcomed by faces which she had known in Scantness, her spirits revived, and she once more found the tongue which she seemed to have lost during the latter part of the journey.

There was nothing for Tom but to stay where he was, in the mean while, and partake of the homely viands which were eagerly set before him. He was not the less welcome because he found he had come to a house full of trouble. The young husband, Peter Laurensen, had met with a serious accident which had thrown him out of work, and would keep him idle for some time, besides probably entailing a difficult surgical operation, which would have to be performed amid all the disadvantages of a small, dark, ill-ventilated room, the sole dwelling of the young pair, their baby, and an old relation, there being no hospital in the town, nor indeed in the island, for the reception of such sufferers. The young wife, too, was ailing, though there was little wrong with her except the exhaustion due to her strange accumulation of incompatible duties as house-mother, bread-winner, and nurse. Her face looked worn and weary even amid the delight of welcoming her brother's master's son, and pouring out upon him a flood of deprecating thanks for his trouble in carrying over the "cashie" which her brother had been so "mindful" as to send, and still more for his thoughtfulness in filling it by the way, and so saving her one toilsome walk to

the Hill of Sound. "They may call the hill the poor folk's doctor," she said with her pale smile. "An' I'll not say it's not wholesome for us, taking us out from overmuch sitting wi' our pins and our wheels. But one may have too much o' a good thing, and I think whiles it's like the rest o' the doctors, and sometimes kills instead of cures."

The ship did not sail till midnight, and after Tom and Kirsty had had their tea, the youth proposed going down into the main street to ascertain when a boat would start to take them on board. He thought, too, that he might come across Robert Sinclair and join forces with him. Kirsty timidly asked if she might accompany him, "She'd be feared to go alone, and she'd like to see the shops." Tom readily assented. He knew Lerwick very well, and was not wholly unfamiliar with larger towns, having paid short visits to Kirkwall, Inverness, and even Aberdeen, though London, the goal of his present journey, with its seething millions, and its sharp contrasts of glory and gloom, still loomed shadowy on his imagination. He thought it would be great fun to hear Kirsty's admiring ejaculations before the first fine edge of her new experiences should be worn away.

Kirsty hung before the windows of the grocer and the baker, just as fine ladies do before those of the mercer and the milliner. She had scarcely realized that there were so many jam-pots and tea-boxes and shortcakes to be seen together anywhere in the wide world. As for the draper's, the fancy shops, and the book-seller's, they fairly struck her dumb. Point d'Alençon and gems from Golconda could not have impressed her more than did those ruffles of cheap lace and strings of imitation beads. But Tom resisted a rising inclination to indulge himself by making her the supremely happy possessor of one or two of these gewgaws. For he said to himself that they would be of no use to her; they were not so fine as they seemed to her, and Kirsty must get into the habit of seeing such things without thinking of getting them. This was wisdom which he had learned for himself, at the cost of sundry thoughtless little purchases when shops had been as novel to him as they were to Kirsty. But it was another matter when Kirsty lingered opposite the bookseller's, admiring a simple, little framed print of an old woman at her spinning-wheel, which seemed to her tear-filling eyes a very portrait of "grannie." Tom darted in, and bought the pretty trifle,

and placed it in the girl's hand, telling her it would do to hang in her bedroom wherever she went, to keep her in remembrance of Shetland, home, and grannie. And then he stopped her bewildered thanks by taking her into his confidence as to what he should buy for their poor sick host and his weary young wife.

"It shall go into their place after we've left," he decided, "the sight of us from the old home has cheered them up a bit, and after we've gone again, they'll feel a little downhearted, and it will do them the more good. Do you think they would like a goose, Kirsty?"

"Deed and I do," said the girl, "but, Master Tom, it will cost a lot o' money in the town."

"I can manage that," answered Tom, who had been looking through his purse, and going over some rapid mental calculations which he did not expound to Kirsty. "And a few oranges will be nice for the sick man, he can take one when his wife isn't at home to give him tea—there's more fruit in Lerwick just now than there is generally, because Christmas is so near. And don't you think it would be a good idea to send one of those little shortcakes with 'A happy New Year' printed on it in sugar plums? That will give a sort of good grace to all the rest, won't it, Kirsty?"

His rapid suggestions, which seemed so sumptuous in her eyes, nearly took Kirsty's breath away, but she got into the spirit of the thing, and made a shrewd market of the goose, and a good selection among the shortcake. Oranges she did not know so much about, having only tasted two or three in her life, so Tom gave her one or two to put in her pocket for the voyage. He got all his commodities gathered in the grocer's shop, whose kindly master seemed quite to enter into the situation, and promised that the parcel should be sent faithfully to the address which Tom wrote on the outside of an envelope, on whose inside he put, "This is something to cook over the peats out of the new cashie, with Tom Ollison's love."

They walked the whole tortuous length of the queer chief street, and ascertained that they could have a share of a boat which was to take some people from the principal hotel to the ship. As they had seen nothing of Robert Sinclair, it occurred to Tom to ask the waiter if he knew who these people were, and the answer he got was that the gentlemen was "the new man that had got Wallness

and St. Olas, and a young lady, and a young gentleman." This last, Tom decided must mean Robert himself, as Robert had not been to Lerwick for a long time and was not likely to be known to anybody there.

The boat was to start within an hour, and they would just have time to go back to the Laurensens to bid them good-bye. They were both a little mysterious over their secret, so that Mrs. Laurensen said to her husband that she wondered what that girl Kirsty was giggling at, and she hoped that Mr. Tom had had things as he liked them, for he seemed rather quiet like. But half an hour later Peter and his wife understood all about it. And Mrs. Laurensen said,—

"Now, Peter, that's the sort o' folk that ought to be rich."

And Peter replied with a quiet chuckle, "Giving away as you go along isn't the way to get rich, Kate. Leastways, if riches means lots o' money."

When Kirsty and Tom reached the boat they found they had not been mistaken about Robert Sinclair. He was with Mr. Brander and Miss Henrietta. And as they sat in the little vessel, rocking in the darkness, while Mr. Brander fussed about his luggage, Robert left the young lady and came to their end of the boat, to whisper that he had been invited to join them at their hotel dinner, and that Mr. Brander seemed to make sure that he would travel in their part of the boat, and that he really thought he might do so, seeing that their hospitality had already spared his cash a little. It was really a great thing to get a chance of being friendly with such people. He hadn't originally meant to travel first-class, he had half hoped to get Tom to join him in the humbler part of the ship (he said this, rightly guessing that Tom's allowance and marching orders would permit him to do what he liked either way). It would not be a very great extravagance, for the Branders, though they lived in London, were to stop in Edinburgh, where where they would remain till after the new year came in, and after they were gone, Robert could resume his original plan.

"I'm going to travel in the steerage," said Tom, rather drily. For this was the economy on which he had resolved to straighten his accounts after his little beneficences.

"Are you doing this out of sheer contradiction, Tom?" asked Robert, feeling somewhat nettled.



"No," replied Tom, more frankly. "I made up my mind about it while I was in the town."

"Mr. Brander has given me his card with his London address on it already," confided Robert. "He has asked me to call on him. I'm sure he would ask you, too. I think he took a fancy to you, little as he saw of you," he added, trying to defend himself, to himself, against a secret consciousness that he was not altogether sorry that Tom was behaving as "queerly" as usual. "Are you sure you've made up your mind, Ollison?"

"Quite sure," said Tom, moving a little aside, as at that moment Mr. Brander stepped heavily into the boat, making it sway from side to side, and causing the unaccustomed Kirsty to grasp Tom's arm in terror.

"I'm glad you're to be in the steerage too. I've been hoping so all the while, but I didn't say so, because I did not think it likely," she whispered. "Now, if there's a storm, I'll know you're not far off. You wouldn't forget me?" she pleaded.

Tom laughed. "Of course I wouldn't," he said; "but I don't think there will be any storm to-night."

The boat began to move off toward the ship, and Kirsty suddenly realizing that the waste of waters had already begun to roll between her and home and grannie, began to cry quietly.

"And so you two are starting out to make your fortunes," said the sonorous voice of Mr. Brander. He meant the two youths, for he never would have thought of such as Kirsty in such a connection.

"I hope we shall do so, sir," said Robert Sinclair.

"It should not be a matter of hope, but of will, young man," rejoined the senior. "If a man means to get on, he has only to say, 'I will get on, at any cost,' and then he does get on. That's what I said when I left home. I left a poorer home than either of yours, I reckon. And I've not done so badly, and I've not done yet."

Even as he spoke his face looked a little sour in the moonlight. For two thoughts rose in his mind and troubled him. First, that his earliest business connection chose to consider him a dishonorable man, and always said so, and that though he denied the justice of the opinion, or at least always talked about "charity" when he heard of it, he could not deny the facts on which it was based. Second, that his own boyish ambition had been to buy "the Hall" of his own native village, and that by some freak of circumstance, just be-

fore he became possessed of means so to do, it had been purchased by the trustees of a great charitable association, and converted by them into an idiot asylum, whose poor patients wandered aimlessly in the sweet parterres which were to him as Naboth's vineyard was to King Ahab.

But while Robert Sinclair repeated to himself Mr. Brander's assertion, and only hoped that it might be true in his, Robert's, own case, Tom Ollison had scarcely heard it; Tom stood up in the darkness, with his head bared to the silent stars, and in his blue eyes there was a strange moisture which melted down the lights of Lerwick town into one luminous cloud. Kirsty Mail looked up at him awed. Was he praying? she thought. He was, though he scarcely knew it himself. But perhaps no prayer goes so straight to God as the wordless aspiration after his will, the blindfold dedication thereto of one's secret self and one's unknown future.

From Temple Bar.

RALPH BERNAL OSBORNE.

THE world knows nothing of its greatest men. This is probably as true now as in the time of Philip van Artevelde. Of our modern great men in England we perhaps know a little too much. Society journals, which old gentlemen at the clubs gloat over and execrate, by means of their "interviewers" make us acquainted with the noble qualities of our heroes. Shakespeare's grand aristocrat Coriolanus strongly objected to the interviewing system.

It is a part that I shall blush in acting,  
And might well be taken from the people,  
To brag unto them, thus I did and thus.

Our modern warriors stretch forth their right hands and narrate and even glorify their exploits in a manner that would be distressing if it were not slightly ludicrous. They are not reticent, and they are garrulous. Every year we are presented with a panorama of notabilities. Our poets, our artists, our lawyers, our doctors, our dentists, and above all our theatrical managers, are paraded before us in the most inviting colors. How Mr. Crummles would have been delighted with an "interviewer"! For want of one, when he meditated his celebrated voyage to America, he had to put two modest paragraphs concerning himself in the

newspapers. One of them contained the immortal words, "Crummles is *not* a Prussian, having been born in Chelsea." "I wonder who puts these things in?" said Mr. Crummles rather jesuitically; "*I don't.*" If he had lived in these times we should have had a "Crummles at home." Fancy the majestic deportment of Mrs. Crummles on that occasion, and the insinuating poses of the Master Crummles and the Phenomenon! We should then have seen the advertisement "Crummles is on the sea," followed by a magnificent reception on the other side of the Atlantic.

Interviewers have not altogether their own way, for biographers are encroaching on their wide domain. They used to content themselves with writing about the dead. It was thought to be very bad form when a great man was dying for a biographer to rush about with his stewpan, collecting details of the life and actions of *ce cher agonisant*. He now frolics about with his stewpan, in order to present the lives of living heroes to a disgusted world. It is needless to observe how untrue and dull such a work generally is. The life of a fly would be more interesting. It is pleasant to turn from such worthless rubbish to the "Life of Ralph Bernal Osborne," which Mr. Philip Bagenal has just written, for our instruction as well as for our amusement. It is at present for "private circulation" only, but its merits must shortly bring it before the public.

Ralph Bernal was the son of Mr. Bernal, chairman of committees in the House of Commons, and the celebrated collector of works of art. We will begin our extracts from the life at the time that Ralph Bernal was at Cambridge.

By nature fond of society and of personal intercourse with men, he was unrivalled as a boon companion, and at wine parties his voice was always ready with a song, or in *repartee*. We find him also taking part in theatricals, and playing Captain Absolute in a representation of the "Rivals," with great success.

His father, Mr. Bernal, would apparently have been a success in the part of Sir Antony, for one morning Mr. Ralph Bernal received a letter informing him that a commission had been provided for him in the 71st Regiment. Ralph Bernal was not consulted on the choice of a profession. "Did not I," says Sir Antony to his ungrateful son, "put you at twelve years of age into a marching regiment?"

Ralph Bernal did not regret much his removal from the university, for in a speech which he made in 1850 on secular education, he said, "that there was no portion of his life on which he looked back with more regret than that which he had spent at Cambridge, for there he was instructed in all the vices for which the place was notorious. He looked upon the universities as hindrances to education."

The 71st Regiment was then quartered at Edinburgh. The society there was very pleasant. He soon became a favorite, and made innumerable friends, amongst whom were several members of the household of Charles X., then established at Holyrood.

Among the houses at which he visited was that of Lord Panmure, an old Carthusian. A story told by him in after life gives a curious glimpse of Highland habits fifty years ago. On coming out of the dining-room after dinner at Lord Panmure's Bernal noticed two stalwart Highlanders in full costume. On enquiring what they were stationed there for, he was told that they were always posted near to carry the guests up to bed.

Lady C— tells a story about this time of Bernal's readiness. The Colonel and officers of the 71st Regiment were luncheon at Lord C—'s beautiful place near Dundee. Bernal's task was to carve a pigeon pie. It happened that the Colonel's name was Pigeon, against whom Bernal had an old grudge.

Accordingly he at once turned to Mrs. Pigeon, and offering to help her, remarked audaciously, "Do you like Pigeon? I don't."

Ralph Bernal exchanged into the 7th Fusiliers, which was ordered to Ireland. He seems to have been as disappointed with the Channel as Oscar Wilde was with the Atlantic Ocean, and probably for the same reason. Ralph Bernal was a very bad sailor.

After three weeks knocking about the Channel the ship was obliged to put back, and when they arrived at Spithead it was reported to headquarters that the scurvy or itch had broken out amongst the men. The report was returned, with the following jocose minute attached: "The 7th must scratch on." The officers of the Fusiliers held an indignant meeting to consider the affront, and the result was that the major sent a challenge to the acting adjutant at Portsmouth, but with what result history does not relate.

When Ralph Bernal arrived in Ireland, Lord Haddington was viceroy, but he was soon succeeded by Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby. The public entrance of the new lord lieutenant took place on June 6, 1835. Lord Mulgrave, attired in a light-blue button-up

surtout, with heavy velvet collar, and white duck riding trousers, rode a showy charger all the way from Kingston to Dublin, amidst loud acclamations. The Tories were furious against him, and branded him with the name of "Timour the Tartar." Lord Mulgrave's graceful manners were modelled on those of Charles Kemble. Lord Morpeth was the chief secretary, and his expressive features closely resembled those of Liston. We recollect an H. B. caricature in which there were portraits of the two, and certainly the resemblance was striking. Some d——d good-natured friend showed it to Lord Morpeth, who of course laughed at it. "It is all very well for you to laugh," said his tormentor, "but Liston is deucedly annoyed."

Ralph Bernal was appointed extra *aide-de-camp* to Lord Mulgrave. Mr. Bagenal informs us that the court of Lord Mulgrave was famous for its brilliance and dissipation, and was frequently compared to the court of Charles the Second.

Lord Mulgrave used to ride about the streets and squares of Dublin, accompanied by a brilliant escort. He attended the Theatre Royal frequently. Scanning the circles with his *lorgnette* from the viceregal box to see who were present, he would despatch an *aide-de-camp* between the acts with invitations to a *petit souper*, and at these pleasant entertainments the most beautiful women and the wittiest men in Dublin were to be found. The charming daughter of "Pamela," Lady Guy Campbell, on such an occasion shed the lustre of her beauty and wit upon the scene, while Bernal and Sheridan especially shone, singing Moore's melodies without accompaniment while sitting round the table, or engaging each other in some battle of humor.

Frank Sheridan, Mrs. Norton's brother, resembled Ralph Bernal in character. He also was a sayer of good things. It was he who made that cutting reply after the trial of Lord De Ros to a spiteful person, who said, "I would leave my card on him, only I am afraid he would mark it." "That would depend," answered Frank Sheridan, "as to whether he would consider it an honor." Frank Sheridan was now a member of Lord Mulgrave's household.

With Frank Sheridan he was always to be seen arm-in-arm, and these two concerted many a political and literary scheme together. Once they nearly carried a practical joke too far, by sending a card of invitation for a party at the Castle without permission, and the result was a somewhat disagreeable *fracas*. Even amongst his own friends Bernal's incorrigible taste for

ridicule brought him into some trouble. The massive John Massey Stanley had been one day assailed somewhat too persistently by Bernal's banter, and at last, losing his temper, said, "I'll tell you what it is, Ralph. God Almighty has been very equal in the distribution of His gifts; He has given you a tongue, and He has given me a leg. Now, the next time you use the tongue, I'll use the leg."

Ralph Bernal once sent a play to a London manager, but it was of course returned. We wonder what becomes of the manuscripts of rejected plays. We should think some of them must be very amusing. A friend of ours, a worthy clergyman, was very indignant when his play in five acts was not accepted. It ought to have been more appreciated, as the commencement of it was, "Scene, a Forest Glade. Enter a chorus of Hermits!"

The gay court of the lord lieutenant did not prevent Captain Bernal from continuing his literary efforts, and he wrote a poem, called "The Chant of Achilles," in which there are sketches of the leaders of society as they appeared in Hyde Park in the year 1838.

We give two extracts.

Patting the crest of his well-manag'd steed,  
Proud of his action, D'Orsay vaunts the breed;  
A coat of chocolate, a vest of snow,  
Well brushed his whiskers, as his boots be-

low;  
A short-napped beaver, prodigal in brim,  
With trousers tighten'd to a well-turned limb;  
O'er play, o'er dress extends his wide domain,  
And Crockford trembles when he calls a main.

We were present when "all London," then a very small place, was assembled at the Olympic Theatre to see a *vaudeville* in which it was whispered Liston was going to personate Count D'Orsay. Liston, dressed by the count's own tailor, was an exact imitation of the celebrated dandy. The roars of laughter at this performance were never equalled, except perhaps when the "Grand Old Man," Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton appeared on the boards of the Court Theatre in "Happy Land," for "three nights only."

Wilton's pale Countess, of her lineage proud,  
Urges her phaeton thro' the admiring crowd;  
Diana's self could scarcely match the team,  
That fairy body, and those steeds of cream!  
Whilst on his switch-tail'd bay, with wand'ring

eye  
Attenuated Wilton canters by;  
His character how difficult to know,  
A compound of psalm-tunes and Tally-ho!  
A forward rider, half-inclined to preach,  
Tho' not disposed to *practice* as to *teach*,  
An amorous lover, with the *saintly twist*,  
And now a *sportsman*, now an *organist*.

Lady Wilton was the daughter of Lord Derby, who married Miss Farren, renowned for her performance of Lady Teazle. Lady Wilton resembled her mother. Lord Wilton only died the other day, the last of the brilliant group to disappear.

Captain Bernal wrote another poem, "A Voice from Palace Yard," in which there is the following appreciative notice of the "coming man":—

Another, and a smaller troop appears,  
Of antique notions, yet of tender years.  
Alliterative Dizzy leads the van,  
Whilst Lane Fox hails him as the "Coming Man"!

And, to say truth, were Diz of noble race,  
His ready genius would demand a place!  
With him Smug Peter takes *Young England's*  
part,

Tho' he's a *chicken* only at his heart.

Bernal Osborne always appreciated the great talents of Lord Beaconsfield, even before they were recognized by the general public. "Smug Peter" was Mr. Peter Borthwick, from North Britain, one of the founders of Mr. Disraeli's new party, which Lord Macaulay once said was the most singular one he ever heard of, for though it was called "Young England," its leaders were an elderly Scotchman and a middle-aged Jew.

In 1841 a deputation from the town of Wycombe arrived in London, in search of a Radical candidate. Lord Lansdowne, whose family had been connected with Wycombe, was applied to, and he recommended Captain Ralph Bernal, who was then talking politics at the Reform Club, with a few hundred pounds in his pocket ready to be invested in an electioneering campaign. To storm Wycombe seemed to most people a desperate undertaking, and Captain Bernal was talked of at the clubs "as the fool who thought he could beat Lord Carrington."

The first Lord Carrington was Mr. Robert Smith, the friend of Pitt, an eminent banker, and in spite of the prejudices of George the Third, Mr. Pitt insisted on his elevation to the peerage. He must have been a man of very sterling qualities, for in after life he enjoyed the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, who made him governor of Deal Castle.

In the middle of the High Street of Wycombe there is a long blank wall, with a modest-looking door at one end of it, which was and is always kept securely locked. It led then, as it does now, into the park which surrounded the old family mansion known as the Abbey, and through it came many a Parliamentary representative of Wycombe.

We fancy this was the door on which Canning, when staying with Lord Carrington, chalked in honor of his friend:—

Bob Smith liveth here,  
Billy Pitt made him a Peer,  
And took his pen from behind his ear!

Lord Carrington died in 1838, and his son now was lord of Wycombe, and he had selected as candidates, that awful being the family solicitor, Mr. James Freshfield, and Mr. Alexander, a West Indian merchant.

The arrival of Captain Bernal, of course accompanied by his friend Frank Sheridan, was naturally the cause of grave uneasiness to these worthy gentlemen. Captain Bernal rattled his jokes about the family solicitor's head in a manner that must have appalled that excellent man of business. Mr. James Freshfield was also solicitor to the Bank of England, and had never said a good thing in all his life, else he would probably have lost his place. He therefore was no match for his merciless assailant. In fact, the poor man was talked and squibbed out of the town, and Captain Bernal was returned, and became for a time the lion of the Reform Club. Captain Bernal had succeeded where Mr. Disraeli had thrice failed.

Captain Bernal's first speech in Parliament was in the debate on the address, when an amendment was moved which put an end to the Melbourne government. He followed Mr. Disraeli, and attacked him sharply on his changeable politics. Mr. Disraeli and Bernal Osborne, though politically opposed, were excellent friends, and they were both enthusiastic in the cause of Jewish emancipation. Once, after a speech of Bernal Osborne's, Mr. Disraeli wrote the following letter to his friend:—

MY DEAR OSBORNE,—I have been disappointed in not seeing you these last few days past. I wished to have said something about your speech, for writing on such matters is a trifle too formal. I think it is, without exception, your most considerable effort, and a very successful one. I have no doubt it will advance and assure your position. There was indeed only one opinion on our side about it, as their great attention, and even cheers, must have convinced you. For my own part, I always regret that, instead of crossing sabres, yours was not drawn at my right hand. I was much touched by your unexpected reference to my father.

Yours sincerely,  
D.

Captain Bernal in 1844 had married Miss Osborne, the daughter of Sir Thomas

Osborne, of Newton Anmer, Tipperary, and had thus become connected with large landed property in Ireland. He had taken the name of the heiress he married, and became from henceforward "Bernal Osborne." During Sir Robert Peel's administration he became a constant critic of its Irish policy, particularly during the disastrous famine of 1846. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1847, Bernal Osborne tried again the constituency of Wycombe, but the rebellion against Lord Carrington had been a cause of such suffering to the independent electors, that they were now induced to support his nominees. Bernal Osborne, however, on the advice of Wycombe notabilities, stood for Middlesex against Colonel Wood, and was triumphantly returned.

In the new Parliament Bernal Osborne became one of its favorite orators. He particularly distinguished himself in the Pacifico debate. His speech on behalf of Lord Palmerston was considered by all parties as an immense success. Bernal Osborne was selected to take the chair at the banquet given to Lord Palmerston in honor of his victory. In the course of his speech he quoted as descriptive of his hero the following lines of Sir Edward Bulwer:—

Warmed by the instincts of a knightly heart,  
That roused at once if insult touched the realm,  
He spurned each State-craft, each deceiving art,  
And met his foes, no vizor to his helm.  
This proved his worth; hereafter be our boast—  
Who hated Britons hated him the most.

He immediately received the following extraordinary remonstrance from the injured poet:—

DEAR OSBORNE, — It was extremely flattering to me on such an occasion as the dinner given to the honor of Lord Palmerston, that you should have thought anything that I had written worthy of illustrating the transcendent talents of that great statesman. Much, however, as I was flattered by this notice, I could have wished that you had selected any other passage of my works for quotation, for, on the life of me, on reading it I could not understand, "And met his foes, *no vizor to his helm*." I certainly wrote it, but what has a *vizor* to do with a *helm* and a *helm* with a *vizor* (and yet the company cheered)? The line might have run, and not altogether inappropriately—for my hero, if I recollect rightly, although endowed with great talents, was rash, indiscreet, etc.—"And met each foe, no wiser than the last." If the speeches should be printed, let

the line be so altered, as it will appear in another edition.

Believe me, with sincere regards, yours very truly,  
E. LYTTON BULWER.

Bernal Osborne must have been astonished to receive such a letter. A poet's pen is very apt to write what nobody, not even the inspired bard himself, can understand.

There is a most admired passage in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope":—

Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,  
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

A lady once asked Professor Wilson for an explanation of these lines. He was very indignant, read the lines aloud, and declared they were splendid. "Well, sir," said the lady, "*what do they mean?*" Dashing the book on the floor, he exclaimed in his broad Scotch accent: "I'll be daunted if I can tell!" No wonder that at a meeting of the district Browning Society, assembled to explain the unexplainable, a disturbance took place closely resembling the row which occurred in Bret Harte's scientific society when Abner Dean of Angel rose to order, and received instead of thanks for his pacific intervention a chunk of old red sandstone in the abdomen. George the Second has been much abused for saying, "I hate boets and bainters too." The fact is a poet puzzled his very small mind.

Shortly afterwards Lord Palmerston was dismissed from office, and Lord John Russell's administration was soon snuffed out by his late colleague. Lord Derby was called to the helm. The Derby Cabinet consisted of thirteen members, and was called, Mr. Bagenal tells us, the "Who? Who?" ministry, because when Lord Derby was telling the Duke of Wellington the names of the Cabinet, the duke, who was rather deaf, after each unfamiliar name said, "Who? Who?" Bernal Osborne attacked them as "a baker's dozen leagued together to put a tax on bread." In fact, during the short-lived existence of the Derby ministry, there was no more successful critic of it, its doings and misdoings, than Bernal Osborne.

At the dissolution in June, 1852, Lord Blandford was proposed in opposition to him for Middlesex, and was only defeated by a small majority. Bernal Osborne's opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and his support of the Maynooth Grant, had been very unpopular with some



of the rabid Protestants in his constituency.

When, on the fall of Lord Derby's government, that of Lord Aberdeen succeeded, Bernal Osborne was offered, and accepted, the secretaryship of the Admiralty. Henceforth Bernal Osborne became a silent member, except on two occasions, when he was thought to have used very indiscreet language for a member of the government. In one speech he attacked Mr. Newdegate, and in the other the Horse Guards.

Lord Palmerston when beaten on the Chinese question dissolved Parliament. Bernal Osborne stood for Dover, a borough in which the Admiralty had an interest, and was triumphantly returned; but when at the dissolution on Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill he again presented himself, he was beaten by his own weapon. Bernal Osborne had said, or was reported to have said, that thirteen shillings a week was quite enough for a dockyard laborer. A squib came out which had great success. We give two verses of this pathetic ballad. The song "Lillibullero" hastened the fall of the Stuart dynasty. "Thirteen bob a week" extinguished the Bernal Osborne régime in Dover.

#### BERNAL OSBORNE, OR THIRTEEN SHILLINGS A WEEK.

A SONG FOR THE WORKING MAN.

Air—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Poor dockyard laborers are we,  
All broken down, as you may see,  
Reduced to this 'ere poverty

By that there Bernal Osborne!  
His thirteen bob a week won't do  
To keep ourselves and children too,  
So this advice we give to you,

To turn out Bernal Osborne!

*Chorus*—His thirteen bob a week, etc., etc.

'Tis hard when they have wealth galore,  
Some gents, instead of giving more,  
Should wish to screw and starve the poor,

Like snarling Bernal Osborne!

If he would only leave his club,  
And work like us to earn his grub,  
He'd find how little thirteen bob

Would do for Bernal Osborne!

*Chorus*—For thirteen bob a week, etc., etc.

Bernal Osborne had to seek refuge in the small borough of Liskeard. Lord Derby resigned after the election, and Lord Palmerston again became prime minister, but no offer of office seems to have been made to Bernal Osborne, who was returned for Liskeard in August. He again became the popular free lance of the House of Commons. He had frequent

collisions with Lord Palmerston, in which the old statesman held his own.

Liskeard was an orthodox Whig borough, and Bernal Osborne gave offence to the leaders of his party by his criticisms on Lord Palmerston, and particularly by his refusing to vote against the vote of censure moved by Mr. Disraeli. He had to go down to mollify his constituents. We give an extract from his speech on this occasion, in which he gave an amusing anecdote illustrating the impotence of the government.

This reminds me of the story of the man—a great ornithologist—who advertised that he had got the cleverest parrot in the world, and that he would sell it to a buyer for £500. This bird began to create a most sensible excitement, and it was sold—not to the Kensington Museum, for it was not in existence at the time; but I believe if it had, it would have been eagerly purchased by it—but it was sold to a respectable old lady who gave the required £500 for the bird. She kept it for a season, but still it did not talk a single word, and if she had kept it for a hundred years it would not have by that time uttered anything. She kept it for about a year, and yet it had not spoken anything. About this time she met the man, the famous ornithologist and the former owner of the bird, and asked him the reason that it had not spoken, at the same time expressing surprise at it, when he answered, "No, but it's a devil to think." I think that is very much the case with the domestic policy of the Ministry. . . .

His constituents were pacified for the time, but finally he had to leave Liskeard, and at the general election of 1865 he was not a candidate for any place. In May, 1866, Sir Robert Clifton and Mr. Morley were unseated for Nottingham, and Bernal Osborne was requested to stand as an independent candidate. The Liberal clique he opposed was called No. 30, from the room where it met.

Bernal Osborne's opponents at Nottingham were Lord Amberley, Sir George Jenkinson, and last, but not least, Mr. Handel Cossham. Bernal Osborne complained that he was the only candidate who had not a "handle" to his name.

Mr. Bagenal writes:—

Osborne's principal butts in the House were the humdrum doctrinaire Radicals, who had a profound horror of his penetrating arrows, which found out the weak joints of their philosophical harness. To keep him at arm's length they assumed very ceremonious airs, and always addressed him as "sir." But it was of no avail, and he contrived many a laugh against a class of men for whom his strong practical mind had a good deal of contempt.

Lord Amberley and Mr. Cossham were the nominees of No. 30, and Bernal Osborne rattled his jokes about their heads at the nomination. "It is reported I am no Liberal," said Bernal Osborne. "Why I was a Liberal when Lord Amberley was in his perambulator." This jest at poor little Lord Amberley, who looked as if he ought never to have got out of his perambulator, moved the paternal heart of Lord Russell, who wrote a letter of mild remonstrance.

But it was on the devoted head of Mr. Handel Cossham, the Radical, that Bernal Osborne poured the vials of his wrath.

If I had had Lord Osborne for my father, picture to yourself the cringing sycophancy of Mr. Handel Cossham. There is no worshipper of rank so abject as a recreant demagogue. Remember this, men and women of Nottingham, for the women form a large portion of my party, and many of those I see before me are well dressed, and I have no doubt their principles are as beautiful as their faces. — Men and women of Nottingham, upwards of two centuries ago a despotic monarch reared on Standard Hill the flag of despotism against independence. That monarch was supported by the oligarchy, the No. 30 of his day; but they fought a vain contest against the people. Cossham has raised his standard of civil war in this town; Cossham, like Charles I., will not lose his head, but he will lose his election.

The ladies were violent against Mr. Handel Cossham on account of his teetotal principles, for their favorite song, according to Mr. Bagenal, was, —

If she take a glass often,  
There's nothing can soften  
The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale.

Supported by sirens like these, and by Bendigo, the prize fighter, who, though now a temperance lecturer, became a victim to Osborne's eloquence, Bernal Osborne was returned at the head of the poll. But alas! when he stood again for Nottingham he was at the bottom of it. Like Prince Rupert, on returning to the field of victory, he generally found his camp in possession of the enemy.

We have heard that an English candidate for an Irish constituency was very much amazed to see at the end of his adversary's address the diabolical advice, "Poll early and often." He wisely bolted, and sought fresh diggings. It would have been better for Bernal Osborne if he had never stood for the town of Waterford. The scenes which took place at the three contests, as related by Mr. Bagenal, are almost incredible. We give an extract from the account of the nomination, at

which there was an amusing discussion between Bernal Osborne and one of the leaders of the mob, one "Red Lights," who would not let Sir Henry Barron, the rival candidate, have a hearing.

*Red Lights* — Hurraw for Grubb, the poor man's friend!

*Another voice* — Come on, if you please, Mr. Osborne — speak up.

*Red Lights* (waving his cap) — What's the whole world to a man if his wife's a widow?

*Another voice* — Three times three for O'Donovan Rossa!

*Another voice* — And for Captain Mackey, be the hokey.

*Mr. Osborne* — 'Tis one man only that is interrupting Sir Henry Barron — I have my eye on him — he ought to be turned out — 'tis you, Red Lights — and if you are men you will turn him out.

*Red Lights* (indignantly) — Go to blazes, man; didn't I cheer for you? I'm here to support the tenant-farmer.

*Mr. Osborne* — Red Lights, will you hold your tongue?

*Red Lights* — Turn me out! I defy you or e'er a man, except the peelers, to turn me out.

*Berwick* — Shut up, boy, and hear the gentleman — he's comin' on.

*Red Lights* — We'll hear you, Mr. Osborne, my boy, and three cheers for the poor man's friend all through. Let Sir Henry finish whatever he's chattin' about.

At this point Red Lights, with clothes all disordered, opened out his arms and fell back upon his admirers, who carried him to the rear.

A too enthusiastic supporter is a troublesome appendage at election times, for though he may be a fool he is still a friend. Once when Sir David Salomons at Greenwich began a speech, "Gentlemen, circumstanced as I am," a friend below, in order to encourage him, roared out, "Go on, old boy, circumcised as you are; all right."

The first election terminated in the defeat of Bernal Osborne, but he again returned to the charge when Mr. P. J. Smyth, the Nationalist orator, was his opponent.

The local Homer in the *Waterford Chronicle* thus describes the nomination.

#### THE NOMINATION.

This is the hall of the Court House. The loud-voiced murmuring people sit in the galleries, and shout, and raise a continual uproar.

On the front bench are seen the candidates and their supporters —

Osborne and P. J. Smyth, and Grubb, the "friend of the people."

But when Osborne arose, such hooting and cheering and hissing  
 Never before had been heard in the hall of the Waterford Court House.  
 Not mine to tell of his speech, for his words were absorbed in the tumult.  
 Then followed Smyth, and harangued and adjured them to turn out the stranger.  
 "Let him go back," shouted he, "to the land that enslaves and torments us."  
 So the day passed on with loud and dissonant clangor,  
 Chaff and nicknames, and yells, and questionings hard to be answered;  
 While from the outer grounds the deep-voiced neighboring people  
 Spoke, and in accents cantankerous answered the roar of the Court House.

Bernal Osborne, although victorious, had to fly for his life, escaping through a second-floor window over the roof into the skylight of a draper's shop, and having thus effected a burglarious entry, he found shelter stowed away in a bundle of blankets. "I am slowly recovering," he wrote afterwards to a friend, "from the success of an Irish election."

In 1874, at the dissolution, he again stood for Waterford, but was defeated by the celebrated Major O'Gorman, who stood on the liquor interest, declaring that "a man had a right to drink as much as he could walk away with." The major lost his seat at the next election for coquetting with the teetotallers and voting for Sunday closing!

Bernal Osborne's Parliamentary career was now closed. Society, Mr. Bagenal tells us, pressed the displaced politician into its service, and he was the most sought-for guest at the best dinner-tables in London. This seems to us to have been a poor compensation for his absence from the House. If he did not succeed in his career, it was not from want of conspicuous ability, but partly from lack of ambition and partly, perhaps, from the English notion that wit and business are not compatible. He had failed in his career and he knew it. He would often exclaim to an intimate friend, "Oh, S——, if you only knew how much my jokes cost me!"

Mr. Whalley was always rising to address the house. One night he had risen at stated periods during the whole sitting. At about two o'clock, when it was the evident sense of the House that the question should be put, the Speaker arose and amid dead silence began to put the question. Suddenly Osborne shouted, "Now's your time, Whalley!" and such was the commanding tone of his voice, ringing as it did through the whole House, that Whalley rose like a machine and began: "Mr. Speaker, Sir,——" Then burst forth a babel of

tongues, mingled with shouts of laughter and roars of "Divide," until at last Whalley, having spoken for some few minutes, sat down panting but satisfied.

This was a good practical joke, but with other exploits of the same nature, it made people doubt Bernal Osborne's capacity for business. Mr. Rolfe, afterwards Lord Cranworth, was in court one day when the leader of the circuit was keeping his audience in a roar of laughter. "How glad I am," said Mr. Rolfe, "I am not so clever as that!" Mr. Rolfe, by a discreet use of his talents, became lord chancellor, although his legal abilities were of no high order. Mr. Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury, had a poor opinion of them, for one day, when Lord Cranworth said he could not at present make up his mind on some legal question, Mr. Bethell said contemptuously to his junior counsel, "His Lordship says he will turn it over in what he is pleased to call his mind."

Mr. Bagenal tells us that Lord Macaulay said that in order to get on in society it is necessary to be dull and supercilious. There was some years ago a nobleman thought to be "Absolute Wisdom" because he spoke in monosyllables and raised his eyebrows scornfully when any intricate subject was discussed. Somebody who sat next this magnificent being at dinner complained to Lord Durham that he was disappointed with him. "Good heavens," said Lord Durham, "you don't mean to say he talked!"

An absurd attack was once made on Bernal Osborne as a tuft-hunter. Diners-out are jealous of one another. Mr. Hayward was in the same way scandalously attacked, and figures as Venom Tuft in Mr. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Now Mr. Warren was himself not exempt from the charge of liking great people. There is a bar story told of him, that once when sitting in court by the side of a brother barrister, he said to him, "I must go now, Davison, as I am going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst." "So am I," said Davison. Warren looked disconcerted, but went out of court, and quickly came in again, and said to Davison, "When I said I was going to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, I was joking." "Well," said Davison, "so was I!"

Bernal Osborne had no respect for rank *per se*, and he would have chaffed a duke with the same pleasure as a costermonger. Here is a terrific encounter which he had with a sneezing archbishop at Dublin Castle during the reign of Lord Carlisle.

A lady whose rendering of some of Moore's melodies gave great satisfaction to the Viceroy, was singing one of his particular favorites, "One dear Smile," whilst his Excellency sat listening attentively at the piano beside her. Suddenly there was heard a terrible fit of sneezing. Every one looked up, and the culprit was discovered to be no less a personage than Archbishop Whateley. The famous prelate had always been notorious for his uncere- monious manners, and on the present occasion he gave a further illustration of them. Again and again was the sneezing repeated, and as the Archbishop was in close proximity to the piano, and assisted his sneezing efforts with a large red silk handkerchief, the situation be- came first painful and then ridiculous. Finally the fair songstress was obliged to cease sing- ing, and "One dear Smile" was transformed into a very broad and irrepressible laugh. Bernal Osborne's musical sensitiveness was out- raged to such an extent that he remarked in his most caustic manner, "I trust your Grace's next sermon will not be cut short by a sternu- tatory obligato of the same description, or you will certainly blow the whole of your congrega- tion out of church."

The archbishop was rather uncouth. Once good Dr. Murray, when seated by him at the Education Board, felt some- thing moving in his coat pocket, which turned out to be Dr. Whateley's foot.

Here is an extract from Bernal Os- borne's note-book, which is apposite at the present time.

#### THE CABINET COACH,

Driven by a Gladstone, with rather a scratch political team. The wheelers of the old Whig breed, slow, but not remarkably sure, and given to stumble. The leaders apt to overpull the driver, and do all the work. The coachman too fond of galloping down hill, and the rising guard disappoints the steady-going passengers by blowing his horn instead of looking to his drag.

We are afraid unless Lord Hartington blows his horn louder and dispenses with the drag altogether, he will be summarily dismissed by his Radical leaders.

Bernal Osborne died in 1882, at the seat of his son-in-law, the Duke of St. Al- bans.

The duke, in his excellent preface, writes that it is impossible to do justice to Bernal Osborne's never-failing wish to serve a friend. When a member of Par- liament, we know he did innumerable kindnesses in pressing the claims of de- serving people on the government. If anybody had been ill-used, he could not chose a more energetic advocate.

Mr. Bagenal tells us that those who sit in the House of Commons now may

well murmur sadly to themselves, "Oh for one half-hour of Bernal Osborne!" We do not wonder at this, for a duller House of Commons than the present was never assembled; and the best debates have certainly this year been in the House of Lords, which we venture to say has lost no popularity with the country from its firm stand against ministerial menace. People who care not about politics, read the debates in the Commons for what is amusing; but, alas! they do not find it, except when the "Grand Old Man" is drawn by Lord Randolph, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, or Mr. Warton. How delighted Bernal Osborne would have been with the two latter worthies! How he would have enjoyed a pinch from Mr. Warton's snuff-box! How he would have revelled in a skirmish with the fourth party, who, we believe, would have given a banquet in his honor! The only amusing speaker now is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and his speeches are beginning to smack of the cold water which he advocates, rather than of the sparkling champagne which he keeps in his cellar. We differ from Mr. Bagenal on one point. Instead of "Oh for one half-hour," we say, "Oh for an hour of Bernal Osborne!"

From St. James's Gazette.

#### MODERN CATHEDRALS.

THE present is, for Englishmen, a cathedral-building age. In saying this there is no need to reckon the Roman Catholic cathedrals, some very small and others more worthy of their name, which within the last forty years have sprung up in many of our towns. The Church of England itself has during the present generation built many cathedrals in the colo- nies; it has one (Truro) now in progress at home, another (Liverpool) in immediate prospect, and a third (Manchester) in con- templation. The new cathedral at Cork, too, is hardly yet complete; and the same may be said, with even less reserve, of that at Edinburgh.

Remembering what our old cathedrals are, it is not surprising if the attempt to build new ones presents itself to certain minds as a sort of forgery of antiques. The time was, two or three generations since, when no gentleman's park was con- sidered quite complete without a ruin, and when those gentlemen who were not for- tunate enough to possess one sometimes had an imitation set up of bricks and

Roman cement. There is, of course, a wide difference in point of taste between the finest of artificial ruins and the poorest of modern cathedrals; but the same spirit which produced the one is seldom, perhaps, quite absent from the other. Nor is this entirely to be regretted; for the spirit is a good one, however mistaken may be the ways in which it has occasionally shown itself. When, almost a century ago, the modern world first came to see how much there was of interest and of excellence in the work of the Middle Ages, it naturally tried, as the first result, to copy that work line for line. It is always so with learners. In the nature of things they must begin by imitating their model just as it stands; and it is only later, if at all, that they come to see what points in it are fit and what are unfit for the ultimate object they may have in view. Till they see that, they are at best only apprentices: when they see it and can act upon it, they are nearer by one step to the level of the men whose productions they study.

The most careless observer cannot fail to see much in our old cathedrals which, however admirable as art, is unsuited to the purposes of to-day. They contain many features which, both for their history and their beauty, ought to be most religiously preserved where they exist; but which, like artificial ruins, cannot with any regard to truth or reason be set up where they do not. Of this kind are the numerous chapels which, as at Westminster, cluster round the choir, and which, deprived of their priests and their altars, now serve only as receptacles for tombs. We may be very sure that the men of old would never have built them in this shape for this purpose alone, and that they would by no means have designed the *chevet* of Westminster or the eastern transept of Durham for a ritual which practically admits only one altar for each of its churches. It is possible, however, to limit too narrowly the uses of a cathedral. Some five-and-twenty years ago the late Sir Gilbert Scott remarked, in a report on the subject, that the great difficulty about our old cathedrals was to find any purpose at all for the greater part of their area; and he extended this remark, which was true enough of the side-aisles and chapels, even to the naves. Since then the nave of one cathedral after another has been fitted up for popular services; and in large cities the present difficulty is, not that no purpose can be found for the nave of a great church, but that its proportions are too long, and especially too narrow,

to place the congregation at the best advantage.

What a modern cathedral needs, as distinguished from an ancient one, is a large amount of unobstructed space. Even the great area under the dome of St. Paul's is too small for the crowds who often press into it. And, looking to the future, provision may wisely be made in a new building for the people who are brought together not only by an ordinary service or by a favorite preacher, but also by the performance of important musical works of a religious character. For this last object a more extended nave may be allowable than the very short one that would suffice for the others; since a chorus, and even a powerful voice as a solo, can be fairly heard at a distance which makes a speaker inaudible. The first thing, then, looking for the moment only at the utilitarian aspect of the problem, is to provide space for as large a congregation as possible within hearing of the prayers, the lessons, and the sermon. This, probably, is all the space that will commonly be used. When this has been done, more space can still be added by lengthening the nave towards the west, which will be valuable at those special times when singing rather than speaking is intended to be listened to. These conditions seem to point to a wide nave and a large central area; yet not to so large a one that, as at St. Paul's, it will dwarf all the rest of the church, and absorb nearly all the sound, either of speaking or singing. There is one other alternative, and that is to make this central area in itself the church — expanding it till the nave becomes a mere vestibule, and the choir a mere appendage. Such a scheme was proposed, as most people know, in the original design for St. Paul's; but it was rejected then, and it departs so widely from customary forms that anything like it would probably be rejected now. Its possibilities would be magnificent in the hands of an architect with an unconquerable determination to secure "scale," solidity, and proportion: without this it would be little better than a second Albert Hall.

There is no reason, probably, why the actual choir of a new cathedral should be very different from that of an old one. The transepts might with advantage be shorter and perhaps wider, for acoustic reasons. And though the chapels, with the exception of one for early services, would naturally be omitted, it does not follow that the aisles should also go. They would still be invaluable as means of access and

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communication, though they would in no case be occupied by seats; and they would be narrower — not perhaps in reality, but still in comparison to the nave — than in old examples. A place for monuments and memorials is wanted in every cathedral and this they would easily supply. A great "lantern" would fitly stand above the central area, and throw down a flood of light on that important part of the interior. The central tower is the most characteristic of all features in our ancient churches of the first rank; and this modern use of it would only make it a little more important, and internally a little more effective. The architectural treatment of the wide nave would present, it may be, the chief difficulty in modifying the common cathedral type as reason and naturalness seem, for present purposes, to suggest. This is only saying, in other words, that it would afford the chief opportunity for a really able architect to show what was in him. Naves of all widths still exist in old churches, abroad if not at home — from the common one of five-and twenty or thirty feet, up to sixty feet at Alby and Florence, and seventy feet or more at Gerona and at Palma in Mallorca. The difficulty is not one of construction but of proportion; and even here enough has been done to indicate pretty clearly the path of success.

Our old cathedrals were not finished in one generation, nor need we wish a new one to be. If the present age supplies the construction, and in the strictest sense the architecture, we may well leave much of the decoration for future times. Considering what decoration is in these days, and yet considering too that there are signs of its gradual improvement, it will be almost enough, in a new cathedral, to map out an appropriate field for it, and then to leave its execution to "the wiser man who springs hereafter." Nor is it only on artistic grounds that this course may be defended. Decoration of a high class must have a meaning and a purpose — must tell a story or set forth a creed. The question at once arises, what story or what creed? Every party in the Church or the State will give a different reply; and even if it were possible to find a compromise to which they would all agree, compromises are too tame and spiritless to form the basis of real art. Art, it has been truly said, belongs to people who have made up their minds; and therefore, so far as it relates to stories and creeds, it cannot be attempted with much hope of success in transitional times like the present. So

far, on the other hand, as it deals with convenience of arrangement and dignity of proportion, it is as practicable now as ever. If a modern cathedral, then, should in reason depart at certain points from the old lines, it can yet be built at all points on the old principles. What its first builders do they will do well and permanently; but they will leave room for the handiwork of many a future generation, so that when their cathedral grows old it may, like its predecessors, be at once a work of art and a volume of history.

From The Spectator.

#### BOOKSELLING IN RUSSIA.

THE measure which English teetotallers would deal out to sellers of drink is meted by the government of Russia to sellers of books. In that country literature cannot be reached without a special license, and a special license is hard to obtain. In the whole of the empire there are only five or six firms who hold patents from the crown for the sale of books. The rest are simply tolerated; they merely hold permits granted by the local police, and revocable at their pleasure. It is a strict condition that they deal only in books which have been officially approved. If they are found in possession of any other, their permits are cancelled and themselves prosecuted. Thus, while they may sell the first volume of Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe," which was sanctioned by the censors, the second, which has been placed on the *index expurgatorius*, they may not sell. Should a publisher desire to bring out any sort of serial issue, if it be but a monthly magazine of stories for children, he must undergo a searching and insidious examination as to his religious and political opinions, and if these are not found satisfactory, the application is peremptorily refused. The police may, moreover, visit his shop whenever it seems good to them, and turn his stock topsy-turvy in a search for contraband literature.

In these circumstances, as may well be supposed, the opening of a new book-store in a provincial town is regarded as an event. Hence it was that when, some two years ago, M. Kervelli obtained permission from the local authorities to sell books in Karkoff — albeit Karkoff is a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, the seat of a university, and disputes with Kieff and Odessa the intellectual suprem-

acy of southern Russia — his boldness won him admiration, and his success caused surprise. M. Kervelli, though a French citizen, has lived in Russia from his youth upwards, knows the ways of the country, and speaks the language without the slightest accent. He is also an energetic man of business; before many months had passed he was doing an excellent trade, and had become the largest and most successful bookseller in the region of Kakoff. All the new books published in Moscow or St. Petersburg were found in his store; he kept also a fair assortment of foreign books, and was always ready to procure direct from Paris any French works desired by his customers, thereby saving them the trouble, expense, and delay of getting their supplies through St. Petersburg. He became bookseller to the university by special appointment, published several scientific works written or translated by the professors, and his shop was frequented by all the readers and bookbuyers of the town. It is hardly necessary to say that in M. Kervelli's establishment contraband literature was strictly tabooed. His object being to build up a business, it would not have suited his purpose to risk the confiscation of his stock by contravening the law. Nevertheless, the police took umbrage. Prone to suspicion, and always viewing askance anything like intellectual activity, they could only account for M. Kervelli's popularity and success on the supposition that he was dealing in forbidden books. They made him several unexpected and unwelcome visits, and minutely inspected his stock. But *ex nihilo nihil fit*; there being no contraband matter on the premises, none was found. These proceedings served only to increase M. Kervelli's popularity; and in August, 1883, the police, still under the impression that all was not right, took him into custody, and searched both his house and his store — again without result. On this he naturally expected to be set free, the more especially as the police hinted that he had been arrested under a misapprehension. But as they continued to detain him, M. Boutakoff, one of the richest citizens of Karkoff, accompanied by several professors of the university, waited on the governor, bore testimony that M. Kervelli had sold none but useful and authorized books, and pleaded warmly for his release. The governor said he would look into the matter, and promised his interviewers that justice should be done — a promise that was fulfilled by sending

the unfortunate bookseller to Odessa, where he was kept in prison twenty-five days before being examined. Moreover, the examination, when it did take place, was little more than a farce. He was asked whether he belonged to any secret society, and whether he was in relation with conspirators, or had himself plotted against the established order, questions which, as a matter of course, he answered in the negative. He was next asked if he had any friends among the officers of the Karkoff garrison. This question also he was able to answer in the negative. Then a large box, divided into compartments like a compositor's case, each filled with photographs, was produced. Taking one of these in his hand, the police functionary who conducted the examination inquired of M. Kervelli whether he knew the original. The bookseller recognized it as that of a customer who had several times been in his shop. "You are quite right," said the functionary, and then ordered the attendant gaoler to reconduct him to his cell. A few days later he was taken to St. Petersburg and there lodged in prison, where he lay seven months without being once examined or informed of the nature of the offence with which he was charged. Hoping that he might be released and allowed to return to his business at Karkoff, he did not like to complain to the French ambassador, and thereby render the police altogether implacable. But at length he lost patience, and as the mildest measure he could adopt sent a communication to the French consul. This gentleman at once came to see him, and at his request sought an interview with M. Pleve, chief of the political police, not to demand Kervelli's release, but to ask that he might be examined without further delay. He was thereupon brought before M. Pleve and asked some questions, and he took the liberty of asking some in return.

"Why," he demanded, "have you kept me in prison eight months? I have broken no law, neither sold contraband books, nor taken part in any secret society." "That I know quite well," answered the chief. "You have done nothing openly illegal, I admit; but that only shows how very prudent you are, and, therefore, all the more dangerous. It is true, also, that we have found no forbidden literature in your possession. All the same, we know quite well that it is possible so to arrange an assortment even of authorized books as to spread subversive ideas quite as effectually as if they were

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revolutionary pamphlets printed at Geneva." These were M. Pleve's very words. M. Kervelli replied that it was not he, but the public for whom he catered, that chose the books, which they bought and he sold. He could not make people buy this or that book. Moreover, according to the chief's theory, the more innocent a man was, the more he deserved punishment. He was then taken back to his cell. On the consul hearing what had come to pass, he informed M. Pleve that unless Kervelli were either set at liberty or put on his trial, he would bring the affair officially before the ambassador. This brought matters to a crisis. A day or two later M. Kervelli was informed that he would be set at liberty, but that he must leave the country forthwith. As a matter of favor, however, he would be allowed, before being conducted to the frontier, to proceed to Karkoff, in order to dispose of his business and put his affairs in order. So, early in March (1884), he was sent under police escort to the other end of the empire, and, on arriving at his destination, the local authorities politely informed him that he might remain in Karkoff exactly twenty-four hours, and not a moment longer. It is not easy to liquidate a business and dispose of a large stock of books in a day; but the police had thoughtfully facilitated his task by shutting up his shop (on March 22nd), and taking possession of the key. So all that M. Kervelli had to do, or, indeed, could do, was to put the matter in the hands of an agent and take his departure. Two gendarmes—whose travelling expenses, as well as the expenses of his escort from St. Petersburg, he was forced to pay—saw him to the frontier, and he arrived safely in Paris, where he told his story, and gave our informant leave to make whatever use of it he might think fit. M. Kervelli has been advised within the last few days of the sale of his stock at about a fourth of its actual cost.

The misfortunes of this gentleman are not in themselves very remarkable, nor perhaps of any great public importance. But as an illustration of the ways of the Russian police, and as a proof that the police are the real rulers of the country, the story is interesting and significant. That which M. Kervelli endured has been endured by thousands of Russians quite as free of offence as he—is endured by Russians every day—with this difference, —that they can appeal to no diplomatic agent for help or redress, and that instead of being conducted to the western frontier

and set free, they are taken to Siberia and left there for life. According to a despatch from St. Petersburg, cited a few days ago by several English papers, translations of works by Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Lubbock, Louis Blanc, Marx, Mill, Reclus, as well as Sir Charles Lyell's "Geology," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Herbert Spencer's books, and several others, have been excluded by imperial decree from the reading-rooms and public libraries of Russia, and also from all lending libraries. This is likely enough, but as it may possibly be inferred from the statement in question that those institutions abound in Russia, it is as well to mention that there are only two public libraries in the country,—those of St. Petersburg and of Moscow. It is highly significant of the reactionary character of the present *régime* that all the works in question have undergone the ordeal of the censorship, some of them several years ago. The government is evidently determined to persevere in its policy of treating literature and science as enemies, and punishing independence of thought and freedom of speech as the most heinous of crimes.

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From St. James's Gazette.

#### A SMALL-POX CAMP.

ON a pleasant slope, situate about three miles from Dartford, lies a large encampment for the reception of convalescent small-pox patients, received from the London hospitals and from the ships which have lately been converted into floating hospitals. As one approaches, a huge white flag with a red cross on it immediately fixes the eye, and reveals to the beholder the purpose of this immense spread of canvas. That banner is the Geneva Cross. Far and wide are numbers of tents, interspersed here and there with wooden huts. They have much the appearance of a military camp, with some small tents set apart for the officers; but the tents are in reality marquees capable of holding twenty beds each. At the commencement of the road leading up, a prominent sign-board warns one not to pass. Indeed, no one could pass; for a commissionaire stands on guard, and, until the return message comes from headquarters that the papers are all correct, one must remain prisoner in a hut. From here a winding carriage-road leads to a long central footway constructed after the fashion of a railway platform, and at regular inter-

vals from this rise stout posts, each bearing a modern street-lamp; for although miles from a town, and cut off from the outside world, gas is at hand, brought through iron mains from the Asylum for Imbeciles which lies at the top of a neighboring hill. And from that asylum runs a fine wire, first to one division of the camp and then to the other, so that three stations are brought into direct communication by the telephone. So here are gas and electricity in a camp where daily papers are scarce and generally old. On either side of this footwalk, which is honored by the name of High Street, are pitched the principal tents in two parallel lines. Each tent is numbered, and gives sleeping accommodation to twenty patients—ten on either side. And here, under canvas, live between eleven and twelve hundred people, forming a world by themselves, cut off by a cordon of sentries from all outsiders, and further isolated by a double row of iron railings one hundred and fifty feet apart. No one can communicate with the outer world except through the medium of the post-office, where all letters are first subject to disinfection. Although of the vast number in the camp over one thousand are patients passing through all stages of convalescence, quiet and peace reign supreme everywhere. There is no bustle, no noise, no turmoil, no screeching of railway whistles; but life glides smoothly along, apparently with all anxiety and care forgotten: for here the patients seem subdued by the peace of nature, the pure air, the sunshine, and the bracing Kentish breezes. The camp has two main divisions, which are separated by a slight rise of ground: on one side are male patients, and on the other female. Beyond the tents, and high up among the remains of fruit trees and bordering on a wood, may be seen vast numbers of women and children—reclining, sitting on seats, or lying on the grass; and open to their view are some miles of the prettiest scenery in the county of Kent. In the daytime all really convalescent patients pass their time here or in recreation tents adjoining, where all kinds of games and amusements are at their disposal. Only at meal times do they descend to large marquees to be served with good and wholesome food, and liberally supplied with lemonade or, if they prefer it, beer. They have no thought of the vast system that is in work to clothe, feed, and house such a multitude. Most are eager to return to the abodes they call their homes, and are always anxious to

receive their discharge from the medical officer. But a few highly appreciate the complete change, and have to be sought after when the time comes for their departure. Patients are brought in regular ambulances to the camp, sometimes one or two alone, and at other times as many as twenty or thirty together. Here the doctor receives them, and, having made a preliminary examination of the cases, orders their removal to the infirmaries or tents, so that they may be subjected to special or general treatment. The infirmaries are wooden structures about the same size as the tents, but containing only sixteen beds each; so that each inmate has extra room, the constant attendance of a nurse, and many more visits daily from the doctor. Here may be seen some of those cases where the terrible ravages of the disease have left the poor sufferers blind. Sometimes members of the same family fail to recognize each other on meeting—so greatly can small-pox alter the features and the expression.

A constant stream of human beings passes through the establishment, which is on such a large scale that brothers may remain days together within a few hundred yards of each other and not know it. During the recent violent epidemic of small-pox, many of the milder cases which would otherwise have been kept in a London hospital were transferred to the Darenth Camp, and here they are placed in the infirmaries. Strict discipline is maintained in the encampment. At nine o'clock in the evening a sergeant commissionaire blows a shrill whistle, when all patients must retire to their tents to bed. The canvas door is then closed, and, save for the periodical visit of the night nurse, nothing disturbs them till morning. By half past seven all patients must quit the tents. At stated intervals those who are in a fit condition to return home are collected and undergo a process of disinfection. The patient enters a hut, and divests himself of the clothes he is wearing; then passes on to the bath, and after emerging from it is provided with new linen and clothes throughout. When ready he retires from the other side of the hut by another door. He is then handed a certificate, stating his freedom from infection, and proceeds to mount a three-horse omnibus which is in waiting. This omnibus receives its freight at some distance from the iron barricade, on the inner side of which a vast concourse of the patients collects to wish good-bye to their late companions. Whilst the coachman



awaits orders to start, the ex-patients are afforded an opportunity to return thanks for all that has been done for them. This they accomplish with right good-will by giving three cheers for doctors, nurses, attendants, and even for the much-abused, and not always infallible, Asylums Board, to which the inmates of the Darenth Camp, at any rate, have good reason to be grateful. The omnibus then journeys across country some five miles to Long Reach, where a special steamer is in readiness to convey them up river to the wharf in London, whence they go their several ways.

From The Academy.

#### RAPHAEL AS AN ARCHITECT.

THE fourth centenary of Raphael's birth has furnished the occasion for some new editions of lives of the great artist, and also for a few treatises on special subjects referring to him. Among the latter perhaps none has so just a claim to be welcomed, not only by the art-student, but also by the public at large, as Baron Geymüller's splendid publication on Raphael as an architect. We may safely say that here for the first time the subject has been treated by a competent writer, who by various similar publications on Italian Renaissance architecture, in French, German, and English, has made himself widely known as an authority on the subject. Passavant and other biographers of our times were content to look on Raphael as the great painter, paying but scant attention to his achievements as an architect. In the opinion of Baron Geymüller the genius of Raphael was, during the last years of his life, much more concerned with architectural problems than with his engagements as a painter; so much so indeed, that if his life had been prolonged he would probably have given up painting altogether, just as Bramante had done, in order to concentrate his creative powers entirely on those architectural works which he had undertaken. When Bramante, the originator of the new Church of St. Peter's at Rome, died in 1514, Raphael became his successor as chief architect of the building. The pope's brief on his appointment states that it is due not only to the express wish of Bramante, but also to the model which had been produced by Raphael for the completion of the work. Facts like this, especially when placed in the light of minor circumstances connected with the con-

struction of St. Peter's, have no doubt a great weight in favor of Baron Geymüller's opinion. The difficult problem, also, of Raphael's education as an architect appears to be satisfactorily solved in the early chapters of this book, which is richly illustrated by eight plates in heliogravure executed by Dujardin, and by excellent woodcuts reproducing original drawings of Raphael, or from the hand of other great architects working under his directions, and also by some views of buildings reconstructed from fragmentary materials.

The greatest interest attaches, of course, to the chapters in which Raphael's works as an architect at Rome are discussed — the Villa Farnesina, with its stables and *loggia*, hitherto considered to be the work of Baldassare Peruzzi; the Capella Chigi, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo; the Church of St. Peter; the palace of the Vatican; the several private palaces at Rome and at Florence; and the Villa Madama, with its extensive gardens. The drawings referring to the latter work, one of the most enchanting productions of the Renaissance, are especially valuable, as the writer has succeeded in identifying many hitherto unknown or misnamed sketches, which have enabled him to reconstruct the building and to depict the arrangement of the pleasure-grounds. The high opinion which he entertains of this "most sublime creation" will certainly find an echo in many of his readers.

J. P. RICHTER.

From St. James's Gazette.

#### GAMBLING ON ATLANTIC BOATS.

THE question of gambling and betting on board Atlantic steamers, though it has recently come into notice again, is no new thing. The following is my experience of a few years ago on one of the leading lines:—

About the second day out of Queens-town, I was beginning to get over seasickness, and boldly sought out the "smoking-room." I was rather disappointed with the place when I found it. It consisted of a few benches placed round the sides of the enclosure over the entrance to the hold — whatever may be the seafaring name for it — and formed a by no means luxurious divan. Very probably it was the only place at liberty in the ship. In this den a lamp, like that at



Kildare's holy shrine, burned night and day; and here to my astonishment I found, on my first appearance, a sort of "sea Tattersall's" already established and in full swing: the subject of the speculations of the members not being the result of races to be run by horses on land, but the amount of miles our ship would make in the twenty-four hours from noon to noon. The way of doing business was for the bookmakers — and they were legion — to give a certain margin of miles for the non-professional to make his guess in. If it was a tolerably calm day twenty-five miles was considered a fair margin; and if you guessed, say, from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five knots as a twenty-four hours' run, and it was anything within those numbers, you won; if not, you had to pay. Large sums of money changed hands daily at this game; the bookmakers having by far the best of it, on account of the uncertain state of the weather. Owning, I believe, to a betting squabble which had occurred on a previous voyage, the captain declined to allow an official log to be put up; so the "run" had to be obtained from the engineer. As some of the runs were far from corresponding with the anticipations of the losers, serious imputations were not whispered, but shouted, against the engineer, who was supposed by many to have been bribed. It was impossible for the unfortunate man to please everybody, and an authorized log would have been far more satisfactory, both to betting men and their clients; nor was it possible that gambling could have been thereby increased. On the first day that I entered the "smoking saloon" I was looked upon as likely to prove a pigeon. More than one of the bookmakers came forward politely with book and pencil, and offered to give me twenty, or asked if I would take fifteen. When it was discovered that I had no intention of betting, all sorts of rudeness was offered me, with the intention, doubtless, of disgusting me, and so causing me to give place to some one who might prove more profitable. Indeed, the "smoking saloon" soon got too small for the speculators and their prey, which last besieged the entrance, holding up their sovereigns in vain. Non-betting men were soon sick of the perpetual cry of "Give you twenty," and retired for a quieter pipe to the vicinity of the smoke-stack.

When one came to examine these sea betting men, one could not help suspecting that they were "welchers" who could no longer ply their trade on land. I think

most of them were Americans by birth, and some of them were no doubt only travelling for what they could pick up on the way. Betting was by no means confined to the ship's run. They betted on everything from morning to night; until, as we neared New York, a large number of victims were "cleaned out," and the "smoking saloon" got less crowded. I remember one unfortunate Down-Easter for whom we made a collection when the ship got to New York. I believe that that is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

Glad, indeed, was I to see the pilot-boat, a speck on the far horizon. Glasses were at once turned on her. There was immense excitement when she was first sighted. It was like the "Leger," the last big race of the season, and afforded a last chance for speculators to increase their winnings or get back their losings. The betting fraternity had got up a sweepstake of £1 each, to be taken by the man who should draw the number of the pilot-boat which was coming out to us. It was well known by some of the New Yorkers that there were twenty-four pilot-boats at New York. Twenty-four numbers were therefore put into the hat, and the rest were blanks. Some one also knew the most likely numbers, and speedily bought them up. When the boat was first sighted it was decided that she was No. 8. The number of these boats is marked on the mainsail in gigantic figures which can be read miles off. Then a very clever man indeed betted that she was not No. 8, and she was soon found to be No. 3. The "3" was sewn on both sides of the sail, and showed through. A short distance off it was exactly like an "8," and some of the betting men may have played the same trick before. The pilot-boat was a beautiful schooner, which rode quite comfortably on the waves, which had still some effect on our big steamer. A tiny boat was soon let down into the rough sea; and into it descended a gentleman in a new tall hat, a shining frock coat, with kid gloves and everything to match. And now for the last piece of excitement. The gentleman in tall hat and kid gloves was close at hand. Would he first touch the deck with his left or right foot? A large sum of money was wagered on this event. We got very quiet after this. The betting men went below to pack up, and look for a clean paper collar. We landed at New York, and I saw them no more — I hope I never shall. On land one can keep clear of these gentry. To be cooped up with them at sea is a very sore affliction.

D.